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ART. I.—*Histoire Littéraire d'Italie, par P. L. Ginguené, Membre de l'Institut de France, Associé Correspondant de l'Académie Impériale de Turin, des Athénées de Niort et de Vaucluse, Membre de l'Académie Celtique, &c. A Paris, chez Michaud Frères, Imprimeurs-Libraires, rue des Bons-Enfans, No. 34, 1811. London, Dulau, Soho-square, 3 vols. 8vo. £2 2s.*

IN an advertisement to this work, it is said, that it was undertaken towards the end of the year 1803, for the purpose of being delivered in lectures at the *Atheneum* at Paris, where, all, which is now published, was read in the course which terminated in June, 1803. What first struck us, on reading this declaration, was, that the author must have possessed the pen of a ready writer. For the work, already published, contains three good sized octavo volumes, which must have been composed in little less than half an year. M. Ginguené, therefore, must have been singularly rapid in reading and consulting his numerous authorities. But we suppose, that the text was compiled in haste from Tiraboschi and other writers; and, that the greater number of the original authorities which the author has cited, if they were consulted at all, were consulted afterwards. One of the chapters of M. Ginguené's history, which are far from being wanting either in length or in learning, was composed in a week. But the author found this intellectual effort at last too much for his health, and he was obliged to desist, for an interval, from the pro-

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secution of his design. He resumed the task in 1805, and continued it in the following year. The part of his work which is now published, embraces a period of more than ten centuries, and is terminated at the end of the fifteenth.

The first chapter is entitled 'The State of Greek and Roman Literature on the accession of Constantine, Effects of removing the Seat of the Empire, Ecclesiastical Literature, Invasion of the Barbarians, The Total Ruin of Letters.' Chapter II. 'State of Letters in Italy under the Gothic Kings, under the Lombards, under the Empire of Charlemagne and of his Descendants. Eleventh Century; First Epoch of the revival of Letters.'

The invention of paper was one of the happy circumstances which tended to favour the first faint revival of letters in the eleventh century. The want of this useful material for the propagation of knowledge, which was particularly felt in the tenth century, had contributed much to prolong the reign of barbarism. The Egyptian papyrus had ceased to be prepared when the Saracens carried their arms into that country, of which they destroyed the commerce, the schools, and the libraries. This species of paper, therefore, had, according to Muratori, whom M. Ginguené cites, been, for three centuries, very rare and dear in the east.

'The price of parchment exceeded the pecuniary capacity to purchase it amongst the monks and those who could still write. Hence literature was doomed to experience some cruel ravages. The copyists, that they might not remain idle, effaced the works of the ancients which were written on parchment, and wrote more recent compositions in their place. Muratori relates, that he had seen many of these erased and re-written parchments in the Ambrosian library at Milan. One of them contained the works of the venerable Bede. "What appeared to me worthy of particular attention, is, that the writer had made use of those parchments to write some new work after having effaced the old. A great number of words were, however, visible and traced in capitals (*litteris majusculis*), which proved, that they were more than a thousand years old.'

The learned Mabillon says, that

'the Greeks as well as the Latins, when in want of parchment for their religious books, made no scruple of effacing the first manuscripts which came in their way; and changed the works of Polybius, Dion, Diodorus Siculus into Antiphonaries, Pentecostaries, and collections of Homelies.'

The invention of paper, while it rendered the means of writing cheap and easy of access, must have contributed to

stop the progress of this fatal depredation on the works of the classic writers of Greece and Rome.

Brucker, who is quoted by M. Ginguené, says, that if, in the eleventh century, the darkness which covered the preceding, began to be dissipated, it was principally owing to the method of Gerbert, who united the study of mathematics with that of logic, and gave at once more strength and sagacity to the mind. The learning of Gerbert so much surpassed the level of his age, that he was reputed a magician by his contemporaries. His superior excellence was, however, at last crowned with the tiara; and he became pope under the name of Silvester II.

'The two persons of the greatest genius in this age who filled Italy, France, and England, with their renown, were Lanfranc and Anselm. The first, who was the master of the second, more particularly exercised a powerful and happy influence on the intellectual improvement of the times. Born at Pavia, towards the beginning of the century, he was soon distinguished by his exertions at the bar; he afterwards passed into France, retired, when yet a young man, from the world, and obtained admission into the abbey of Bec in Normandy, where he opened a school, the philosophy of which became almost proverbially celebrated at that time.'

William, the Conqueror, promoted Lanfranc to the see of Canterbury, in which, after an interval of a few years, he was succeeded by Anselm, who had been his pupil at the school of Bec. Some of the most illustrious personages of the time issued from this school.

'It is sufficient,' says M. Ginguené, 'to mention Ives of Chartres, who is considered as the restorer of the canon law in France, and whose letters furnish such precious materials for our history; Anselm, who became pope under the name of Alexander II. and the other Anselm, whose literary renown equalled that of his master.'

The science of music, which was confined to the service of the church, and was so complicated, that it is said to have required ten years to make a tolerable proficient in psalm-singing, was greatly facilitated by a discovery of a Benedictine monk, of *Pomposa*, an abbey near Ravenna. Guido so far simplified the notation and the method, that an apprenticeship of one, or, at most, two years, became sufficient to qualify the individual for the ecclesiastical choir. Guido, like most men of superior merit, who excite envy and detraction, was persecuted by his contemporaries. The injurious treatment of his brother monks forced him to leave his convent, and for some time to seek a subsistence by giving lessons in music, as he wandered from church to

church. More justice was done to his reputation before his death. He flourished about the year 1030.

Chapter III. 'Political and Literary Situation of Italy in the Twelfth Century, Universities, Scholastic Studies, Greek Language, History, Origin of Modern Languages, and particularly of the Italian, Troubadours of Provence, Saracens of Spain.'

The spirit of liberty, which had begun to be felt in Italy in the eleventh century, was more generally diffused in the twelfth. Almost all the towns of Lombardy had asserted their independence. When Frederic Barbarossa, in 1152, ascended the imperial throne, these towns, alarmed by the cruelties which he exercised, and warned by the fate of Milan, which he had rased to the ground, formed that celebrated league, which, at last, succeeded in overcoming the efforts of seven armies of Germans, which Frederic, in a period of twenty-two years, had led into Italy for the destruction of their liberty. The emperor was at last constrained to negotiate a peace with the victorious republics, and to sign, in 1183, a formal acknowledgment of their independence.

The fermentation of liberty proved, in this instance, as in others, favourable to the intellectual improvement of the people. The vassalage of individuals was abolished, all were acknowledged as citizens, and the feeling of a public interest, the source or the associate of public spirit, counteracted or refined the baser sense of private selfishness. The enjoyment of civil liberty is always accompanied with an ardour of curiosity, a vigour and a freedom of thought, which elevate man to a much higher degree of dignity and of interest in the scale of social existence and in the estimate of philosophy. The emulation which arose between the different cities which, at that time, formed the rich cluster of Italian republics, and caused Italy, during the middle ages, to resemble Greece during the brightest era of her history, was very favourable to the growth and the expansion of all the great qualities of mind and heart. Schools of every species arose in the bosom of the new states, and several amongst them founded universities, where the germ of the most important improvements in the arts and sciences and the conduct of life was fondly cherished, and slowly, but gradually, developed.

The number of little republics into which Italy was divided, rendered a knowledge of the laws, which was connected with the hope of civil honours and emoluments, an object of general desire and of strenuous pursuit. Though

legal studies were, like the theological, in some measure perplexed with the scholastic subtleties and refinements of the times, yet as the former were directed to solid realities and visible interests, they tended to afford substantial aliment for reflection and a wholesome exercise for the mind. The different nations which had settled in Italy, had introduced a great multiplicity of laws.

'It would have been difficult,' says Ginguené, 'for any one individual to make himself acquainted with so many laws, which were so different and often contradictory, and complete copies of them, particularly of the Roman laws, were rarely to be found. Certain abridgments of them had therefore been formed, in which the most important and the most useful had been combined to serve as a practical rule for the decision of the courts. It was necessary for a lawyer to be acquainted with this varied legislation, and more especially with the Roman and Lombard laws, which were the most generally followed.'

'Things remained in this state till about the year 1135, when many writers assert, that a revolution took place in the system of Italian jurisprudence.'

The citizens of Pisa, who had taken and sacked Amalphi, are said to have found in that town an ancient manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian, the memory of which had almost been effaced, as no copy of that work had been seen in Italy for a great length of time. It is moreover said, that the Emperor Lothair II. ordered this code to be substituted for all other laws, and to be universally received. There can be no doubt, according to the author, that the Pisans possessed a very ancient copy of the Pandects, nor that it was transferred to Florence in the fifteenth century; but it may be questioned, whether such a copy, as is supposed, was discovered by the Pisans when they conquered Amalphi; and whether Lothair II. ever issued such an edict as he is represented. Both Tiraboschi and Muratori, who are cited by the author, are skeptical with respect to the manuscript of Amalphi; and they more positively deny the existence of any such edict as that ascribed to Lothair. Long after 1135, the Italians preserved the right of choosing between the Roman code and the laws of Lombardy. Actual proofs of this are produced by Muratori and Tiraboschi. But it is certain, that the Roman laws at last prevailed, particularly after they had received the explanations and comments of able civilians, whilst the laws of Lombardy and those of inferior note, fell entirely into disuse.

Bologna appears to have been the most celebrated and

ancient school of jurisprudence. Warnier, or Garnier, in Latin *Irnerius*, a native of Bologna, was the first distinguished professor of the Roman law at that place. He was born about the middle of the eleventh century. This *Irnerius* is said to have invented the titles or *degreés* of bachelor and doctor, with the exterior ornaments, by which they are designated. He thought, that the science would obtain more respect by these additions to the personal dignity of the professors. The distinctions which he devised for his school of law, were adopted by the students in theology, and generally introduced into other universities. The disciples of *Irnerius* afterwards added to the celebrity of the Bolognese school. The Roman laws were taught by Italian professors not only in Italy, but in England and in France. The emperors and the popes vied with each other in encouraging the school of Bologna, and it became the general resort of students from all parts of Europe. Rival schools were established in other towns, but that of Bologna maintained the ascendant over all its competitors.

Ginguené is inclined to fix the nativity of *Italian* poetry at the beginning of the thirteenth century. At this period, many of the European languages begun to assume faint appearances of their present form; but, as the author remarks, there was one which had made greater progress than the rest; and in which, for more than a century, some pieces had been composed which were objects of general admiration. This language was the *Romaunt* or Provençal, in which the Troubadours warbled their merry or their plaintive notes. As men, in old time, are said to have been humanized by the lyre of Orpheus, so the first commencement of European literature and civilization appears to have been owing to the lyre of the Troubadours.

The Provençals probably derived the spark of poetic enthusiasm from a people who had become their neighbours by the conquest of Spain. The literature of the Arabs was long prior to that of the Troubadours. The author devotes Chap. IV. to 'The Literature of the Arabs,' and to the consideration 'of its influence on the revival of Letters in Europe.' The fifth chapter is on 'The Troubadours of Provence, and their influence on the revival of Letters in Italy.'

In the poetry of the Troubadours, we can perceive traces of affinity to that of the Arabs; but not to that of the Romans or the Greeks. One of the characteristics by

which modern poetry is most distinguished from the ancient, is that of rhyme. This M. Ginguené supposes to have been borrowed from the Arabs by the Provençals. M. Ginguené has related some facts which throw a good deal of light on this subject, which has often divided the opinions of critics and antiquaries.

In the compositions of the Troubadours, we can trace imitations of the Arabian bards; and the model of the primitive forms into which modern poetry was cast.

'A great number of songs and of *sirventes** begin with descriptions of the spring, in which the comparisons are furnished by the flowers, by the verdure, the song of birds, the running of streams, the freshness of fountains. All this is in the oriental taste, as well as the frequent employment of the nightingale in poetical descriptions or in messages of love. It is also in their songs that we find, for the first time, those far-fetched thoughts and gallant images, which are unknown to the ancient poets. It is in these songs, in which we hear a lover say, in speaking of the eyes of his mistress: "A sweet glance which they gave me by stealth, opened the way for love to pass through my eyes into the centre of my heart.'

The most ancient Troubadour, of whose compositions we have any remains, was William IX. Count of Poitou and Duke of Aquitaine, who died in 1127. M. Ginguené says, that 'a king of England, Richard I. two kings of Arragon, Alphonso II. and Peter III. a king of Sicily, Frederic III. a dauphin of Auvergne, a Count de Foix, a Prince of Orange, are reckoned amongst the Troubadours.'

It is certainly very remarkable, that in this epoch of the Provençal Literature, and in an age of ignorance and barbarism, a species of poetical epidemic should suddenly burst out, and become so general, that its influence was felt even by nobles and by kings.

'Not only,' says M. Ginguené, 'in their amours, but in their political transactions and in their wars, they expressed themselves in verse. In verse, they both attacked and replied, and, if, as in the Homeric times, they uttered piquant ironies and biting taunts, it is not from the suspicious source of poetical

* The *sirvente* was often made a vehicle for satire, and commonly turned on other subjects than those of gallantry. Roquefort, however, in his *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*, under the word *servantoit*, says *Chanson, sonnet, ou chant royal composé sur la Divinité, ou en honneur de la Vierge, ou sur des sujets sérieux, qui avoient toujours pour but l'obtention d'une grace, soit de la Vierge, soit du souverain ou d'une maîtresse, &c. Borel se trompe en disant que Petoient des satyres.* R.

exaggeration, but from themselves that we learn this, which furnishes no uncertain criterion of their courtesy, their courage, and their talents.'

The Troubadours, even of the lowest origin, appear in the twelfth century to have enjoyed the highest distinction, and to have been particularly favoured by the fair. The following are some of the instances which M. Ginguené cites of the gallantry of this singular race of men.

'Bernard de Ventadour, who was born in the lowest rank, rose by his talents to the highest favour in the little court in which his father was one of the domestics. He was in high favour with the lord, and still higher with the lady. Some slight indiscretion betrayed the secret of their amours. The Troubadour was banished from the castle, and the lady was confined and closely watched. Bernard, at first, is frantic with despair; but he afterwards consoles himself in the favour of a still greater lady, the famous Eleonora of Guienne, Duchess of Normandy, who had been divorced by Louis-le-Jeune, and whose second husband, Henry, soon afterwards became king of England. Bernard dared to love her, and Eleonora is not said to have treated him with disdain. When she departed for England, he regretted her in his songs as we regret those whose love we have enjoyed. "Such," says M. Ginguené, "was, at that time, the respect paid to talents, that the son of a humble menial obtained by this means the regards of a princess, who was twice a queen."

It must be confessed, that the stories which M. Ginguené retails of the gallantry of the Troubadours and of the frailty of the fair, who sacrificed their beauties to the charms of verse, do not exhibit a very favourable picture of the morality of the times. The manners indeed of the courts of the princes at that period, to which the Troubadours had access, appear to have been as dissolute and corrupt as those of the most luxurious palaces of a more polished age.

The following will serve as a notable instance of the levity of manners and the dearth of continence in the times of the Troubadours.

'William of Saint Didier, a good knight, a rich lord, and an ingenious Troubadour, falls in love with the Marchioness de Polignac, a lady of great beauty and of high birth. At first she refused to yield to his suit, till it had found an advocate in her husband. This husband was the best kind of man imaginable, and was so fond of poetry and music, that he readily cited and sung the songs of Saint Didier. Saint Didier composes one, in which he introduces a husband entreating his wife to grant such a petition as the marchioness exacted from her spouse. The Troubadour confides a copy of this song to his noble friend,

without revealing to him the names of the parties, his own peculiar circumstances, or the stratagem which he is obliged to adopt, and which he expects to succeed. Polignac admires the pleasantry of the subject and the beauty of the composition. He gets it by heart and sings it to his wife, laughs with her at the stratagem, and maintains, that the beauty for whom the verses were composed, ought to refuse nothing to the Troubadour. Thus the marchioness, with a safe conscience, granted what her lover required. But this is only the first act of the comedy. In order the better to cover his real intrigue, he affected to have other amours; but his affectation so closely resembled sincerity, that the marchioness became jealous, and resolved to avenge the affront. The vengeance which she inflicted, is well calculated to characterize the manners of this pious age. She had been in need of a confidant in her amours with St. Didier. This confidant was an amiable man; she informs him, that she intends to raise him from the second post in her confidence to the first. It was agreed, that they should set out together on a certain pilgrimage; for pilgrimages were amongst the tricks which were then played on husbands and on lovers. They were to pass by the castle of St. Didier, who was then from home; and it was in his castle and even in his bed that the successor to her lover was to be crowned. The necessary preparations were made for the journey. There was a great retinue of women, of girls and knights, at the head of whom the new favourite was placed. In the absence of the owner of the castle, every respect was paid to his mistress, to her friend and their suite. The table was splendidly appointed, and all was feasting and merriment. The apartments are prepared, the parties retire, and the wife of Polignac passes the night in the way she had proposed. The whole affair was soon bruited abroad. St. Didier at first fretted and raved, but he at last consoled himself, like a man of gallantry, by making, in his turn, another choice.

But all husbands were not so accommodating as Polignac, nor all gallants so flexible as St. Didier; and the licentious amours of the Troubadours were often productive of tragic events, which are detailed by the historians of those times.

The court of the counts of Provence and other courts in the south of Europe; which had exhibited such brilliant scenes of wit and mirth, of love and song, during the twelfth century, were, in the thirteenth, converted into theatres of proscription and massacre, of devastation and bloodshed. The sovereign pontiff (Innocent III.) not content with sending myriads under the banner of the cross, to exterminate the population of Asia in the name of God, had excited the fury of Christians against their unfortunate brethren who differed from them in some points of doc-

trine; and the poor Albigenses, who escaped the sword, were condemned by the Inquisition, which was established at this epoch, to the flames. The land was covered with blood and the Troubadours forsook their primitive abode, or wandered into other parts to recite these mournful events.

As the reputation of the Troubadours gradually faded away, other composers of song arose in Italy and in France, the languages of which countries had begun to be moulded in a different form and to be varied with new combinations. The present language of Italy became fixed in the fourteenth century, whilst that of the Provençals ceased to be understood; and their poetry was deposited, like a relic of antiquity, in the libraries of the learned and the curious. Two centuries appear to have been the narrow period within which the idiom and the poetry of the Troubadours germinated, bloomed, and withered away.

Notwithstanding their defects, their compositions appear to have possessed some real merit and some brilliant qualities. Amongst the excellencies of this race of bards, M. Ginguené mentions that nice sense of harmony which caused them to invent so many varieties of metre, and to combine and interweave their rhymes in such an infinite diversity of ways. From a manuscript, containing about four hundred of their compositions, the learned author tells us, that he had the patience to extract all those lyric forms, which had some sensible difference, which he found to amount to near a hundred. 'Whatever opinion we may adopt of the source from which they derived their idea of rhyme, they could have had no models before them of such a prodigious variety.'

The elements from which the Troubadours formed the astonishing diversity of their poetical arrangements, were the number of feet in their verses, the number of verses in the strophe, the combination of the measures, and the disposition of the rhymes. With these simple means, they created almost all the rhythms of modern poetry, 'which,' as M. Ginguené says, 'the most poetical languages of Europe received from them, and which they still retain.'

'The Provençal verses are composed of all the numbers of syllables from two to twelve, and even from one, if we reckon as verses those monosyllables which are sometimes made to rhyme at the end of longer verses.' M. Ginguené, however, excepts verses of nine syllables, of which, he says, that he has found no examples; and he remarks, that verses of eleven and twelve syllables are very rare.

'The number of verses in each strophe is extended from four to twenty-two and even more.' * * * 'The employment and combination of verses of different measures in the strophes, afford the most fruitful source of their diversity.' * * * 'The Provençals derived great advantage from the manner in which they disposed and interchanged their rhymes.' * *

The complex tissue of their rhymes must have imposed a great restraint on the natural expression of sentiment in their poetical pieces; but love and gallantry, which most require such expression, were their usual themes. It is true indeed that their gallant effusions often consist of vapid panegyric, or of sentiments spoiled in passing through the alembic of conceit; but M. Ginguené remarks that their verses sometimes afford brilliant examples of the most amiable delicacy, simplicity, and tenderness.

* * * 'The Troubadours sometimes made use of an intercalary verse, which they placed at the end of all the strophes of a song; this form was afterwards called *ballad*; because it was employed in the songs which accompanied the dance. The Italians lay claim to this invention; but they borrowed it from the Provençals.'

In the following pretty song of Sordel, the five couplets are terminated with the words, which make the first line,

'Alas! why have I eyes to see,'*

'if they see not her whom I long to behold, whilst the youth of the year is renewed, and nature is adorned with flowers? But since I am entreated by her, who is the mistress of my pleasures, to indulge no more in plaintive airs, I will, hereafter, sing only of love. But, nevertheless, I shall not long live, so truly do I love, and so little do I behold her whom I adore. *Alas! why have I eyes to see?*'

The same verse is repeated at the end of four other couplets.

'The Provençals called those pieces *sonnets* which were sung with the accompaniment of instrumental music; the word (*sonnet*) indicated no particular form nor combination in the strophe.'

The Italian *sonnets* appear to resemble those of the Troubadours only in name; whilst they differ from them in the fixed number of verses, in the disposition, and in the intertexture of the rhymes. The *sonnet* as we find it in Pe-

* In the original it is

Aylas e que' m fan miey huelh ?

Or in modern French,

Helas ! à quoi me servent mes yeux ?

trarch, and other writers, is, with the exception of the name, almost entirely of Italian extraction.

'Tales or novels,' says M. Ginguené, 'are not so numerous in the compositions of the Troubadours, as in those of the Trouvères, or old French poets, of whose productions hardly any thing has yet been published, but their numerous and prolix *fabliaux*. In the *novels* of Provence, we always meet with a courtly and poetical imagination; and their inventions are often a mixture of oriental fictions with the chivalrous fables of Europe and the metaphysical refinements of love. Such is the tale of Pierre Vidal who was on a journey attended by his chevaliers and their squires, when they met with a knight, whose person united beauty, majesty, and strength, and who was equipped in the most brilliant ornaments, escorting a lady whose beauty exceeded his a thousand times. They were both mounted on palfreys which were richly caparisoned, and their trappings so varied, that there were not two parts of the body of the same colour. They were followed by a squire and a *damsel* who were distinguished by their beauty and ornaments. A conversation ensues. Pierre Vidal invites the knight and the fair lady to refresh themselves. The lady, who has no fondness for castles, prefers a delicious harbour near a limpid fountain. Here the knight makes known himself, his companion, and suite. The lady's name was Mercy, that of the *damsel*, Modesty, that of the squire, Loyalty, whilst he was Love, who was conducting Mercy, Modesty, and Loyalty from the court of Castille. This tale is not finished; but M. Ginguené says that 'the fragment is very long, full of rich descriptions, of conversations, and of solutions of knotty questions in love.'

Some of the tales of the Troubadours are at least, doubtful in their moral tendencies. Of one of these, we shall briefly give the heads from M. Ginguené. A parrot is represented as the confidential messenger of his master to a married lady with whom he was desperately in love. The parrot proceeds to execute his commission with all imaginable diligence. He omits no arguments to overcome the scruples of the lady. When he finds her resistance begin to give way, he presents her from the Prince Antiphanon, his master, with a ring and a girdle worked in gold. He proposes to procure an interview between the parties; but how was an interview to be effected where the access to the lady was rendered so difficult by guards stationed at all the gates? Why, the parrot offers to set fire to the roof of the castle, and the lady appears to evince no repugnance to such a stratagem. The lover furnishes the parrot with the necessary combustibles, which he applies to the appointed place. The cry of fire soon throws

every thing into confusion. Every one was on the alert to extinguish it. During this general bustle, the lady slips down into the garden, where Antipharon makes his appearance ; and soon, according to the expression of the poet, they thought themselves in paradise. But the violence of the flame was at last subdued *by the action of vinegar*. Here the story perhaps ought to end ; but it does not ; though we shall not relate the conclusion, which is, at least, as absurd as the beginning.

When the language of modern Italy was so far advanced towards maturity that it could be rendered flexible to the yoke of measure and of rhyme, it is certain that the composition of the Troubadours served, wherever they were read and understood, for models of imitation and of rivalry. The two languages, for some time, disputed the palm ; but the Italian was not long before it obtained the victory, and the Provençal idiom disappeared with the fugitive fame of the Troubadours.

But it was not in Lombardy that the first poetical attempts in the Italian tongue were made. It is at least certain that it was not from that quarter from which proceeded the most ancient fragments which have been preserved. These were of Sicilian extraction. It was in Sicily which had been successively occupied by the Greeks, the Romans, Saracens, Normans, which had been visited by the Provençals, and where Frederic II. Emperor of Germany, then swayed the sceptre, that the Italian muse lisped her first harmonies.

Frederic II. (whose father Henry VI. the son of Frederic Barbarossa, had married the heiress of Sicily, and had thus become sovereign of that island), was distinguished not only by the energy of his character, but by the encouragement which he afforded to literature. His court was the favourite resort of poets, musicians, and of men of genius of every species. He was himself an author and a maker of verses. Of his verses the only relic is an ode, or *canzone*, in the style of the Troubadours, which is supposed to have been the production of his youth. In this piece we have a specimen of the Italian language in its infancy, when it was still mingled with the idiotisms of Sicily and with scions of words fresh cut from the trunk of the Latin tongue before they had become matured and improved by long growth and careful cultivation. This ode of Frederic consists of three strophes, each containing fourteen verses ; the thoughts are common-place, and the sentiment is diluted by a loose and verbose phraseology ; but as M. Ginguené remarks, it was no bad attempt for the time, and

for a king who had other things to do besides tagging rhymes.*

Frederic II. King of Sicily, had, for some time, a poet of no mean reputation, for his friend and his chancellor. This was Pierre des Vignes, a man of varied accomplishments, of great capacity for business, and of a philosophical turn of mind. Frederic had accidentally become acquainted with his genius, which he had the discrimination to appreciate, and the generosity to raise to the highest post of distinction. This, contrasted with the obscurity of his birth, rendered him an object of envy and detraction; which ultimately caused him not only to lose the confidence, but to incur the ill-will of his sovereign. Frederic, with a barbarity which is more common in the courts of Asia than of Europe, ordered his eyes to be put out; and the unfortunate minister, immured in a dungeon, had recourse to his own hand to put an end to his miseries. One of the poetical compositions of Pierre des Vignes is a sonnet consisting of fourteen verses, constructed nearly in the manner of those of Petrarch. Hence this species of poetical composition appears to be of Sicilian growth and to date from the thirteenth century.

In the long interregnum which followed the death of Frederic II. most of the towns which had espoused his interest, asserted their independence. This generous ferment was favourable to the resuscitation of the arts and sciences even in the bosom of the states which it shook with the violence of faction and rent with the force of civil discord. But though Florence took the lead in the noble strife, yet the other cities of Italy were not backward in the competition not only for military but for intellectual renown.

Frederic II. King of Sicily, on his death left an illegiti-

* The following is the first strophe of this *canzone* :

‘ Poiche ti piace, amore,
Ch’eo deggia trovare
Faron de mia possanza
Ch’eo veyna a compimento.
Dato haggio lo meo core
In voi, Madonna, amare;
E tutta mia speranza
In vostro piacimento.
E no mi partiraggio
Da voi, donna valente;
Ch’eo v’amo dolcemente:
E piace a voi ch’eo haggia intendimento;
Valimento mi date donna fina;
Che lo meo core adesso a voi s’inchina.’

mate son of the name of Manfred, who usurped his throne to the prejudice of Conrad the lawful heir. Manfred who had powerfully seconded the Ghibelline faction in Florence, was at last defeated in battle near Benevento, and killed in the field. The exiled Guelphs then returned to Florence; when they expelled their adversaries and reformed the constitution of the state. An attempt was made, which had only a fugitive existence, to organize a government which should give to the people a higher degree of liberty than they had hitherto enjoyed in any country. It was about this time (in 1265) that Dante was born, a man perhaps of the most sublime genius whom Italy ever produced.

Nature scatters the seeds of genius far and wide, in all climes, and in all lands; yet she seems very parsimonious in rearing up minds of more lofty stature, who rise above their contemporaries, like the oak in the forest above the neighbouring trees. Yet the mind of Dante was certainly one of this species; for there is not one of his contemporaries whom we can place on the same level with him; or who, if we make the attempt, will not look dwarfish by his side.

There are many persons, who borrow a lustre from the age in which they live, and appear bright from the bright rays of contemporary excellence which are spread around them; but how few are there who not only give lustre to their times, but whose names constitute an epoch in their national history! Yet Dante is one of these men who are so rare in our view of the intellectual phenomena of particular countries or of the whole world.

Italian poetry which had made but few, and those not very lofty nor vigorous flights previously to the time of Dante, seemed, under the guidance of his genius, all at once to attain perfection, and to reach heights beyond which it has certainly never yet been carried, by any subsequent master of the art. M. Ginguené has detailed the biography of this extraordinary personage whose existence was chequered with sad vicissitudes, and whose misfortunes, though they were surpassed by his genius, preyed upon his spirits, embittered his days, and, probably, hastened his death.

Dante, who was a native of Florence, warmly embraced the party which was most favourable to liberty. This party was then that of the Guelphs; but the Guelphs of Florence unfortunately at this time became divided into rival factions, who were distinguished by the names of

the *Bianchi* and the *Neri*, which had been introduced into that city from the internal dissensions which had broken out in Pistoia. After some intermediate struggles, the *Neri*, who were supported by Charles of Valois, whom the pope (Boniface VIII) had invited into Italy, obtained a complete victory over their opponents. Dante, who was regarded as a partizan of the *Bianchi*, and who was at that time on an embassy at Rome, was proscribed in his absence; and the poet and fourteen of his associates were even condemned to be burnt alive, if they ever came into the power of the people of Florence.

In the interval between his exile and his death, Dante was indebted for a home to the hospitality of his friends. He was for some time entertained by the Marquis Malaspina, in the Lunegiano, by Count Boson at Gubbio, and afterwards by the Scaligeri, who kept a brilliant court at Verona. The poet, however, seems to have felt a sort of perpetual restlessness, which was caused by the impatience of his mind on account of the wrongs which he had experienced, and the misfortunes by which he had been oppressed. He appears to have been pained by a ceaseless longing to return to his native city; but all his efforts to obtain his restoration were frustrated by the adverse turns of fortune, and by the circumstances of the times, which he could not controul. The exiled poet and patriot often changed his abode; and hence several places have contended for the honour of having given birth to the *Divina Commedia*, of which he had composed at most not more than seven cantos before the period of his banishment. Verona lays claim to having been the favoured locality, where the greater part of his poem was composed; but other places may, with equal justice, assert their title to some portions of the immortal work.

An anecdote is related of Dante when he was a guest in the palace of the Scaligeri at Verona, which shews that the dependent circumstances, to which he was reduced by the injustice of his country, had not destroyed the independence of his sentiments.

‘One of the two princes (of the Scaligeri) asked him in the midst of a large assembly of courtiers, why so many people took more pleasure in the company of buffoons and blockheads than in that of a man of his genius and sense? Dante instantly replied, there is nothing surprising in that; for friendships are engendered by the affinities of character.’

The year before his death Dante repaired to Ravenna, in 1320, where he was entertained, not with distant civi-

lity, but with unreserved friendliness by *Guido Novello da Polenta*. Here Dante enjoyed a short period of tranquillity and repose; but this was only the forerunner of his death, which happened in the following year, when he was fifty-six years of age. This event is said to have been accelerated by the chagrin which he felt on the failure of an attempt which he was commissioned to make by his friend Guido Novello, to negotiate a peace with the Venetians, with whom he was then at war. Such things are often related, but are generally supposititious; the health of Dante had probably been undermined by a long series of mental pangs, which preyed upon his sensibility, and perhaps wasted the strength of his corporeal frame; and he probably would not have lived longer if he had never been deputed on an embassy to Venice.

In very early life Dante had conceived a strong attachment to a young lady of the same age with himself, whom he has immortalized under the name of Beatrice. This first passion, from the influence of which his heart appears never afterwards to have been entirely liberated, was frustrated by the death of its object at a very premature age. Dante, however, afterwards married a lady of the name of Gemma Donati, who was of one of the first families in Florence. This marriage did not make any addition to his happiness; for his wife appears to have been a woman of very bad temper; and, like the wife of Socrates, not a little of a scold. She bore him five sons and one daughter; but either from her unwillingness, or his repugnance, she did not accompany him in his exile.

The physical features of illustrious persons, who have acquired immortality by their intellectual exertions, are generally regarded with a degree of interest bordering on devotion, by those who have been instructed or delighted by their compositions. The personal appearance of Dante has been accurately delineated by his contemporaries.

‘He was of the middle stature. In his latter years he stooped a little in his gait; but his figure was never wanting in expression or dignity. His visage was long, his complexion dark, his nose large and aquiline, his eyes full, but rolling with animation, his under lip rather prominent, his beard and hair black, thick, and bushy; his air was habitually that of pensiveness and melancholy.’

There are several medals of Dante in the cabinets of the curious, and a variety of busts and portraits, but they are all said to harmonize in representing the same features, and indicating the same character.

'He read much, thought much, and spoke little; but his answers were pointed with sense and penetration. Incessantly occupied in augmenting his knowledge, and improving his talents, he delighted in solitude, and shewed a repugnance to frivolous conversation. His moments of mental absorption and absence were frequent; particularly when he was engaged in any pursuit. At Sienna, going one day into the house of an apothecary, he accidentally cast his eyes on a book of which he had been long in quest. He sat down to the perusal of it on a bench before the shop, and with such close attention, that he continued fixed to the same spot from noon till night. And so entirely absorbed was he in what he was about, that he was totally unconscious of the clamour and tumult which were occasioned in the street by a public festival.'

From the article in Dante, which we find in Bayle, it appears that that great critic thought his disposition too vindictive. His patriotism seemed at times to vanish in his ire. But it must be recollected that even his wrath, however fierce it might burn, probably assumed the colours of patriotism under the influence of his imagination. His injuries had been great, and we think very undeserved; and the sense of these operating on a mind possessing great consciousness of intellectual pre-eminence, and apt to reflect profoundly on the wrongs of his country, which he connected with his own, might readily and unconsciously mingle in one inseparable stream both his rancour and his patriotism.

Bayle seems to think that personal resentment added force to his satire and energy to his composition; and that his writings would have been more flat if his sufferings had been less severe. Every man's style is certainly much under the influence of his sensations; and, like a stream, which is illumined by the sunshine, or obscured by the clouds, it is apt to represent the kind or the malevolent feelings of the breast. To suppose that the mind of Dante was not more or less subject to the operation of such causes, would be to suppose him more than human; but his mind, full of inherent energy, had less want than usual of extrinsic impulses.

The countrymen of Dante were not long before they rendered him that justice when dead, which they denied him when living. In the year 1373 the republic of Florence passed a resolution

'to appoint a professor with a salary to be paid out of the public treasury, for the purpose of reading and explaining his poem. Boccaccio, who was then justly esteemed as one of the fathers of the Italian tongue, was the first person who was deemed worthy

of this honour. After some show of repugnance he accepted the office, and in less than two months after the passing of the decree, he began his course of lectures on a Sunday in the church, (of St. Stephen) near the *Ponte Vecchio*. He kept the situation till his death, which happened two years afterwards. He has left us a grammatical, philosophical, and rhetorical commentary on the first sixteen cantos, which however fill two volumes of considerable size. After the death of Boccaccio other persons were successively named to perform the same task.' * * *

The *Divina Commedia* of Dante acquired a very early and very general popularity. Professorships or lecture-ships for explaining it were instituted in other towns besides Florence. Copies of it were widely dispersed in all the public and private libraries, 'and even before the invention of printing, it was throughout all Italy the object of eulogy, of study, of controversies, and commentaries. Printing had not been long invented, before three editions of it were published almost at once in the same year, 1472.'

M. Ginguené has given an elaborate analysis of the *Divina Commedia*, with a variety of admirable remarks; but we must reserve the farther consideration of this work to a future article.

ART. II.—*The Isle of Palms, and other Poems, by John Wilson, 8vo. pp. 415. Edinburgh, 1812.*

MR. WILSON, the author of the very singular volume which lies before us, exchanged some few years since the sedgy banks of the Cherwell for the more glowing scenes of Windermere. His muse, which in the groves of Magdalen had been bound by the rules of the legitimate couplet, at least in the only instance, where we have had an opportunity of contemplating her flight,* seems now to have indignantly cast away all fetters, and openly to profess herself an active champion of that school, which

—— 'will for no man's pleasure,

Change a syllable or measure.'

He has used indeed no words of defiance to the critics to correspond with these memorable ones of Mr. Southey, but the internal evidence of the '*Isle of Palms*,' and

* Recommendation of the Study of ancient Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, a poem. Oxford, 1805.

some other of these poems amply justifies such an inference. Mr. Wilson is, we find, from passages in this volume, an intimate friend, and we believe, a neighbour of the master of the new school of simplicity, Mr. Wordsworth. Mr. Southey has indeed been considered as in a manner the president of the poetical fraternity in Cumberland: as in philosophy, however, so in poetry, there are many subdivisions under one head, and we know of scarcely any point of contact between Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth but that very general one, the disregard for what have been heretofore considered the established rules of taste in poetry.

Mr. Southey enters the field arrayed in the wonderful, the terrible, and the super-human descriptions of poetry, not so those masters to whom we consider Mr. Wilson as more immediately attached: their strength lies in the simple and pathetic. Whether this taste in Mr. Wilson was the result of his friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, or whether that friendship arose from a previous congeniality of taste in poetry, we cannot say; we know the effect, for we see it before us. The similarity between the manner of these poets is too striking to escape the most superficial observer; the most prominent distinction between them, is that Mr. Wilson's is a more ornamented simplicity than that of his friend. We are aware that we are using rather a contradiction of terms, but there is the same kind of contradiction in the very thing that we are describing, so that we know not how otherwise to express ourselves.

‘Εἰ γυμνὴ νικῶ, πῶς ὅταν ὀπλὰ φέρω;

were the words of the goddess of beauty when armed in steel, and such we imagine has been the reasoning of Mr. Wilson occasionally when he has given full scope to his descriptive fancy. But it is time to confine ourselves to the book itself.

The most considerable of these poems is the *Isle of Palms*, a composition in four cantos, extended over more than a hundred and seventy closely printed pages, of which all the story, and every incident might with ease be comprised in much less than four lines; our readers may start, but we are stating a fact. It is then a descriptive poem, but the objects in nature which it describes are comparatively very few indeed. The sea, with its different appearances in mid-day, or by moon-light, in a turbulent or a calm state, the heavens cloudy or clear, a ship sailing or at anchor in a storm or a calm, an island resem-

bling one of the imaginary insulæ fortunatæ, a Tinian or Juan Fernandez will nearly comprize all the objects on this very spacious piece of canvass, and as to the feelings of the human mind to which we are introduced, they are not so numerous. It is then by this time apparent to our readers that an endless profusion of description must be employed on each individual subject, and this is the case. And yet when we have risen from the book, we cannot but recollect most parts of it with pleasure, many of which we must follow with admiration. We have never in our critical career met with an author, who is apparently more alive to all that is beautiful in nature; or who seizes and adapts these beauties quicker. His poem is the common-place book of a man of rapid, excursive genius; in it we found many, very many simple, many elegant, many very original thoughts, and the language that clothed them, like the placid mirror of the lake, which only heightens the rays from the pebble which it covers. Such is our opinion of Mr. Wilson's *Isle of Palms*, if we might be allowed to examine it as a common-place book of poetical description and simile; but as a poem properly so called, it has every defect which want of story and incident, uniform placid surface, endless and repeated description, and an open contempt of all probabilities of action can bestow. If our readers hesitate to allow that our praises and censure are in this instance compatible, we have only to refer them to the book itself.

The story is this. We are introduced to a ship in a cloudless sea, and a moonlight night. She is sailing from England to some Indian isle; on board of her is the most beautiful of females, with the mind as well as person of an angel; by her side is the most accomplished of mountain youths, to him the widowed mother of the female had entrusted this her only child when the ship sailed from Wales; why this couple embarked we are not informed. The ship suddenly strikes on some hidden rock, for which it would be vain to search in Mercator's chart. Of all the crew these two persons only are saved, and embarking in the boat leave their course to destiny; destiny conducts them to the *Isle of Palms*, where they reside a la Robinson Crusoe, having their society increased by the birth of an only daughter; after a lapse of years they are found by a vessel and re-conveyed to Wales, where the meeting with the afflicted mother who had taken up her residence by the sea-side to gaze on that element which had conveyed her daughter from her, closes the poem. Having given this

analysis, we shall no longer pursue the *Isle of Palms* as a poem, but place before our readers in a desultory manner a few of such thoughts or lines as have most forcibly attracted our attention. We should premise that to those who would limit the exercise of fancy within very strict bounds, our extracts may possibly not be all very pleasing; but let these persons recollect that the class of poets to which we have considered Mr. Wilson as appertaining, are not reducible within the rules of common criticism, and that therefore while they admire the fanciful pictures and illustrations of the poet, they may enter their private protest against his general principles of taste. The poem opens, we have said, with a sea-piece, the sea in a state of calmness, the moon in her fullest splendour; of the former it is said,

——— 'thou art harmless as a child
Weary with joy, and reconciled
For sleep to change its play;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race,
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face
As if thy dreams were gay.'—Canto 1, p. 6.

Let us see whether we can recognize the delicacy of *Po-cock's* pencil in the description of the ship.

'And lo upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing,
A broad wing'd vessel, thro' the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
The beauty of the sea,
She listeth up her stately head,
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon.'—Canto 1, p. 6.

This passage, though some few lines of it exhibit considerable fancy, is open to many objections. The word 'murmuring' is hardly applicable to the sea in the extreme state of calmness in which it was described to be. A shower of glimmering lustre is rather beyond our powers of imagination, and the playing on the words *beauteous* and *lovely* is an affectation in poetry of which the Latin elegiac writers set the example, and which has

been followed by some men of genius of our own country, but which has never conveyed a pleasing sensation to our minds; we regret to add that instances of this practice recur frequently in the 'Isle of Palms.' The line

'Like a thing with heart and mind,'
is afterwards followed up with

'For an Indian isle she shapes her way
With constant mind both night and day:
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails as if the path she knew;
So calm and stately is her motion,
Across th' unfathomed trackless ocean.'—P. 10.

The heroine of the piece, if we may use so earthly a term to one so angelic, is described as a lovelier vision

'Than bard e'er woo'd in fairy lands,
Or faith with tranced eye adored
Floating around our dying lord.'

What follows is less original in simile, but by its new light, has every claim to novelty.

'Far from the haunts of men she grew
By the side of a lonesome tower,
Like some solitary mountain flower,
Whose veil of wiry dew
Is only touched by the gales, that breathe
O'er the blossoms of the fragrant heath,
And in its silence melts away
With those sweet things, too pure for earthly day.'

P. 17.

It would be unfair not to introduce this lady's companion and future protector.

'The broad day-light of cloudless truth,
Like a sun-beam, bathes his face
'Tho' silent, still a gracious smile
That rests upon his eyes the while,
Bestows a speaking grace;
That smile hath might of magic art
To sway at will the stoniest heart,
As a ship obeys the gale,
And when his silver voice is heard,
The coldest blood is warmly stirred,
As at some glorious tale;
The loftiest spirit never saw
This youth without a sudden awe;
But vain the transient feeling strove
Against the stealing power of love;
Soon as they felt the tremor cease,
He seem'd the very heart of peace,

Majestic to the bold, and high,

Yet calm and beauteous to a woman's eye!—P. 23.

It is to be observed of Mr. Wilson that he evidently looks upon mankind in a remarkably favourable and complacent light, a strong contrast with the sentiments of a cotemporary poet, whose poem we examined in a late number. Mr. Wilson's present poem contains in all but four characters, but even Cumberland himself could not have clothed them in more super-human excellence; in our extracts with respect to two of them, we have confined ourselves to their exterior, which our readers however may take as an index to their mental qualities. We are mistaken if Mr. Wilson is not more than a man of genius, a warm-hearted benevolent man. The passion of these two persons was of the purest sort.

'A solemn impulse from above

All earthly hopes forbade,

And with a pure and holy flame

As if in truth from Heaven she came

He gazed upon the maid.'—P. 25.

The storm commences, rather sudden and unforeseen to be sure. The ship strikes and founders as quickly, and

'The ship hath melted quite away

Like a struggling dream at break of day.'—P. 36.

The second canto commences with rather a ludicrous expostulation of the poet's to the moon, for her absence during the shipwreck; and the youth who is saved, before he has well recovered his recollection, betrays similar feelings of indignation towards the sun.

'And upwards when he turns his sight

Th' unfeeling sun is shining bright

And strikes him with a sickening light.'—Canto 2, p. 45.

The woman, who was likewise saved, assists her lover in his recovery. The supposed (we say supposed, for this is no place to enter into the question) superiority of the female mind in a situation which admits of little else but despair, is nobly described in the following lines.

'Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul,

In pain and trouble cherished;

Sublime the spirit of hope that lives,

When earthly hope is perished.

And where doth that blest faith abide?

O! not in man's stern nature; human pride

Inhabits there, and oft by virtue led,

Pride tho' it be, it doth a glory shed,

That makes the world we mortal beings tread,

In chosen spots, resplendent as the heaven!

But to yon gentle maiden turn,
Who never for herself doth mourn,
And own that faith's undying urn
Is but to woman given.
Now that the shade of sorrow falls
Across her life, and duty calls,
Her spirit burns with a fervent glow,
And stately thro' the gloom of woe
Behold her altered form arise,
Like a priestess at the sacrifice.'—P. 57.

The ship's boat, which had separated from the foundering vessel, drifts to the rock.

'It is the same which used to glide
When the wind had fallen low,
Like a child along its parent's side, &c.

* * * The oars are laid

As by the hand of pleasure
Reposing on the quiet tide
To beat a gladsome measure.
The dripping sail is careless tied
Around the painted mast,
And a gaudy flag with purple glows
Hung up in sportive joy by those
Whose sports and joys are past.'—P. 65.

This reminds one too forcibly of the style of Mr. Wilson's friend and brother poet. The lovers embark and arrive at the Isle of Palms. Here the poet has ample room for the description of natural scenery, an endless scope for the exercise of fancy; but we must be sparing; we will take two instances where he has been exuberant in the use of his colouring.

'But who shall dare in thought to paint
Yon fairy water-fall?
Still moistened by the misty showers
From fiery red to yellow soft and faint
Fantastic bands of fearless flowers
Sport o'er the rocky wall,
And even through the shrouding spray
Whose diamonds glance as bright as they
Float birds of graceful form, and gorgeous plumes,
Or dazzling white as snow;
While as the passing sun illumines
The river's bed in silent pride
Spanning the cataract roaring wide
Unnumbered rainbows glow.'—Canto 3. p. 93.

We conclude with the description of the bower in which this refined couple dwelt.

——— ' in this temperate clime
 Fleet passing fleet, the noiseless plumes of time
 Float thro' the fragrance of the sunny air,
 One little month seems scarcely gone,
 Since in a vessel of their own
 At eve they landed there.
 Their bower is now a stately bower,
 For on its roof, the loftiest flower
 To bloom so lowly grieves,
 And up, like an ambitious thing,
 That feareth nought, behold it spring,
 Till it meet the high palm leaves;
 The porch is opening seen no more,
 But folded up with blossoms hoar,
 And leaves green as the sea,
 And, when the wind hath found them out,
 The merry waves that dancing rout
 May not surpass in glee.
 About their home so little art,
 They seem to live in nature's heart
 A sylvan court to hold;
 In a palace framed of lustre green
 More rare than to the bright flower queen
 Was ever built of old.—P. 104.

The two first lines bear an accidental resemblance to some beautifully turned lines of Mr. W. Spencer's. We have done enough to display the warm fancy of Mr. Wilson; and the praise, which we would attach to this exhibition of his talents, must be qualified by a rather nicely drawn distinction between that which is due to the rich inventive powers of a poet, and that which is due to the regular composition we entitle a poem. We have forborn, as was our intention, from offering many remarks on what is called the conduct of this latter, and we feel but little inclination to undertake such a task in this place, for more reasons than one; the principal of which are, that we are pretty well aware how little public criticism would effect with the author himself, nor have we any right to expect that it should do much; and secondly, that the observations we must make, would so closely resemble those which have been called forth in examining the poems of some of Mr. Wilson's fellow poets, as to leave little room for novelty. We shall only then state generally that his faults as we consider them have little in common with those of Southey, but the licence which he assumes in his metrical arrangement. There is much of the simplicity of

Wordsworth to which Montgomery occasionally approaches, a species of simplicity of which much has been said and written, but which we conceive with regard to these two writers may be said at different times to degenerate into two different defects, the one an insipid childishness almost approaching that of Phillips's Pastorals; the other which we know not how to characterize by any other words than those of an affected meretricious kind of simplicity. Mr. Wilson is more open to the charge of occasionally relapsing into the latter than the former of these defects, and yet it will appear strange that such strange oppositions of taste should exist in the same mind; for there are times when Mr. W. almost exceeds our most fanciful modern poet. There is a simplicity of cadence in the ballad metre which very frequently imposes on the mind, and what would appear over-coloured in the ten syllable line, will pass very well in the shorter verse. It is necessary to abstract sound from sense to ascertain this effect, and it is only by so doing that the reader of Mr. Wilson would trace any approach to Darwin.

The next poem in place and length is entitled 'The Angler's Tent,' in reference to a fishing excursion undertaken by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wordsworth, and others, among the Cumberland lakes, in which they pitched their tent on some chosen spot for the night after the amusements and labours of the day. On one Sunday evening the villagers of some parish bordering on the lakes, crossed the water to ascertain the reason of the unusual sight which they beheld on the opposite bank; they were hospitably regaled by the inhabitants of the angler's tent, which simple circumstance, together with the manners of the rustic guests, forms the ground-work of this poem. We have said that one of the strongest characteristics of Mr. Wilson's mind, as shewn by his muse, is that of looking on mankind in the most favourable light possible. His pictures of rustic happiness evince this benevolent feeling in a stronger manner than we ever recollect to have seen in English poetry. You would suppose that he never had seen a cottage but what was newly thatched and whitewashed, no paupers but with ruddy cheeks, no village landscape but in the broad sun-shine of a July day. What a contrast to the view of humanity displayed in Crabbe; a poet who has taken out his pencil to sketch the country amid the rains, fogs, and miseries of November. Which is the most enviable turn of mind the greatest sceptic on the minutest trifles could not hesitate to decide, which the

justest view of our own species humanity shudders to pronounce. With pleasure, however, do we embrace the delusion, and not without a hope that it is not a delusion, and survey pastoral happiness in a true Arcadian and unadulterated state in an English county, and certainly if an unvitiated state of manners is any where to be found among our peasantry, we know no spot, where we could seek for it with a greater probability of success.

Another characteristic of Mr. Wilson's muse, and it is one very nearly allied to the former, is the warmth of admiration which he feels and expresses for real unaffected piety, in corroboration of which we need refer not only to the few characters in the '*Isle of Palms*,' but nearly to every one of the miscellaneous poems, which succeed it. Without the slightest approach to religious cant, he gives to piety that situation among the virtues of man, which it ought in justice to assume, and with a man who views nature with the eyes with which Mr. Wilson views her, how can it be otherwise; it is the natural and first born offspring of simplicity of character united with good sense. To an author then who seems to possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and who adds an unusual warmth of poetical feeling to a justness of conception, unaffected piety must necessarily appear as it has done to our poet. It has been observed, and very truly observed, that the modern writers of the best ages, fond as they have been of classical imitation, in many points have swerved from it, in no one more than in considering religion and piety as feelings below the dignity of a hero. In antiquity it is nearly the highest praise; but we in vain look for it among moderns. Of later years we have certainly seen more of it, but not often in the unaffected way in which we should have wished to see it introduced. We think we may safely say that in many parts of this volume, particularly in the pieces entitled '*The lines on Miss E. Smith*,' '*The Hermitage*,' and the lines on Grahame, the author '*of the Sabbath*,' it is introduced fully as we could wish. Let the poets of our day recollect that no ancient history or poetry, either furnishes a superior or more awfully striking instance of piety than that shewn by a Christian hero, by Lord Nelson, after the battle of the Nile. But of this enough; we regret that our limits prohibit us from making extracts from the minor poems, particularly from some of those in the regular ten syllable metre, in which, though we are in some places offended by the author's notions of simplicity, there is much less of those

peculiarities which we have just noticed than in the Isle of Palms.

Mr. Wilson deserves our thanks for giving us a volume without the modern make-weight additions of preface and notes.

ART. III.—*Geographical, Commercial, and Political Essays; including Statistic Details of various Countries.*
London, Longman, 1812, 8vo. 8s. 6d.

THESE essays are said to have been

‘selected from a vast collection of manuscripts which are in possession of the editor. They were written,’ says he, ‘by a gentleman who will not allow him to mention his name, at different periods of time, as the different subjects of which they treat, were suggested to his mind by his diversified reading, by the passing events, to which they allude, or by the accidental relations of travellers, merchants, and ship owners, with whom his residence in a large commercial city enabled him to converse.’

The author of these essays, whoever he may be, appears to be a person of eager curiosity and extensive information; his manner of communicating it, though a little too metaphorical, is, upon the whole, lively and interesting. The bill of fare, which is placed at the head of the volume, offers a varied treat to the reader, from which we shall endeavour to select some portions which, if they do not instruct, are likely to amuse.

The cheapness of food in a country where the population is so redundant as in that of China, is a fact, the mere mention of which is a panegyric on the frugal habits and persevering industry of the people.

‘Mr. Redford informed me,’ says the author of this work, ‘that when he smuggled goods under a Mahometan garb, beard, and dialect, into Chinching and Emoy, Ports in Fo-Kien, north of the province of Canton, he bought the same fowl for 6d. for which he should have been charged 2s. 6d. if known to be an English Super-cargo.’

‘Mr. Redford informed me, that in every hovel in the villages which he entered, a long perch for fowls extended across each room, and an additional spout was attached to it, in which the dung might be carefully preserved. The manure was daily employed in the garden, or sold to a tradesman or a peasant. Rice and millet, a fowl and curry, formed the luxurious meal of the family: the refuse and the fragments of these grains richly fed the domestic poultry. These habits of economy, and this

abundance of provision were not circumstances confined to the country; they were as general in the seaports of Fo-Kien. A tailor or a cordwainer dined on a turkey, or pullet.'

At p. 86, of this volume, we have a short account of Ragusa. The author tells us, that he derived the information which is contained in this account, from a captain belonging to that island who visited Hull in 1800. Ragusa forms a part of Dalmatia in European Turkey. 'Its length from north to south in a direct line is about 100 miles, and its breadth from east to west 18 or 20.' The interior of the country is mountainous and sterile, but the vallies produce corn and a variety of fruits. This little state is remarkable for having 'preserved its independence,' and 'enjoyed the most profound tranquillity for the space of 1000 years with only one small interruption.' We hardly know whether it be correct to call a state independent which paid an annual tribute to the Turk. Ragusa is at present subject to the French, and gives the title of duke to one of Bonaparte's generals. Marmont has this honorary appellation.

'Felonious crimes,' says the author, whose account of Ragusa we must not forget to have been composed in 1800, 'are scarcely known amongst them, though about two years ago a Venetian, who came to settle in Ragusa, committed a murder, for which he was hanged the same afternoon, but as they have no public executioner in the whole country, he was taken to a Turkish market in the neighbourhood, and a gratuity of about five guineas was given to a Turk to perform the execution.'

'The only revenue of the government arises from custom-house duties on shipping and merchandize, out of which they pay the clergy the greatest part of their salaries, maintain free-schools all over the nation, and provide physicians to attend the sick and administer medicines without any charge to their patients.'

'The established religion is the Roman Catholic, and the church is governed by an archbishop, who is chosen by the nobles and confirmed by the pope.'

'Divine service is read in Latin in all the churches, and the people are allowed the free use of the Bible, the Inquisition being altogether unheard of.'

'The people pay but a very small contribution to the clergy, they being (as before observed), principally maintained by government.'

'Their schools are all free, and maintained at the expence of the state: in them are taught reading, writing, mathematics, &c. with the Latin and Italian languages; but the language spoken

all over the country is Slavonian (or what the captain calls Hilderic.)

'The government select some of the most promising youths from among the commonalty, and send them to the Universities of Sienna, Naples, Florence, Bologna, &c. to study physic, after which they are employed at the sole expence of the nation, to attend the sick and administer medicines all over their dominions.

'The Raguseans appear to be exemplary in their moral deportment, as well as remarkable for peace and friendship: drunkenness is accounted scandalous among them, and not often seen.' * * *

At p. 101, we have an account of La Plata by Captain Wallis, who was taken prisoner by the Spaniards while off Monte Video in the American war, and died at Hull in 1809. From this account, we select the following, in which there appears to be some exaggeration. The author says, that the Spanish priests give 'no quarter to a captive Indian unless he will become a Catholic.' He says, that the wild horses

'amount to millions. Frequently you pass through thirty-five miles in extent, composed of the same herd of horses and black cattle, as you travel through this level region, extending over 350 miles, without a hill, a tree, or a bush: it is a plain, waving with white rich clover, nearly a yard high; the black cattle trampling, and feeding on it, and horses and swine mixed with them.

'The captain was marched 1250 miles due west, into the province and large town of Mondoza, *under* the hills of Chili: on every side of a hill, and over every plain he saw the same herbage, the same unnumbered flocks and herds. The native wild Indians are tall, active, and light: they ride without saddle or bridle, armed with a spear, which they use for a whip, and with a gun: if they are more numerous than the Spaniards, they engage them; if fewer, they escape by flight, and by their knowledge of the fastnesses. A company of Spanish cavalry often ride in pursuit of them a whole fortnight, but being loaded with a saddle, which weighs 20lb. and with powder and arms, they are easily outstripped in speed.'

'The country is very thinly peopled; but its *trade* has been very much cramped by the exactions of the officers and the priests. If a planter reap 10 bushels of fine wheat (and they only eat the best), nine go to the above. Hence the Spaniards have long been prepared for a revolt. All the goods of Europe are there sold at from 500 to 1000 per cent. above the European prices. In the interior, however, they live luxuriously from their own farms: many only reap half of their wheat: it is useless to

them. Oats and rye they do not sow; for the wild horse is broken when he is wanted, and, when no longer required, is turned loose into the plains. Winter is unknown: the warmth is not entirely as great as that of Spain: during three years, he only saw ice of the thickness of a shilling, and it melted at sunrise. The plains and woods enjoy a perpetual verdure: for a succession of grasses and leaves take the place of those which decay. Near the towns, the cattle are marked in the horn by the owner; and are soon mixed with the innumerable herds. In the interior, a planter often knows not the real number of his cattle, nor the *miles* of his vast estate. Near the towns, a hunter or rather butcher is sent out, *in the season* to kill; he jirks the flesh, i. e. cuts it into circular steaks, two inches thick, and the circumference of the beast; hangs it in this circular form on the branch of a tree, or on the pole with which he rides, dries it, and on his return it is put into his store: it will keep for 12 months. It could therefore be exported to the West-Indian Islands, cheap, and in amazing quantities.'

'A quarter of a cow sells in Buenos Ayres at two shillings: the butcher *will not* cut off half a quarter. A family and their negroes, who are very numerous, and are brought from the Brazilian Portuguese, eat part of, and cast the major part of it every three days out of the window into the street. If rats were not their scavengers, these offals would cause an infection. The people are dirty; the streets, though wide, are not paved nor lighted; the back river of Buenos Ayres renders the town plentiful in provision, as well as healthy: in spring, you feel a constriction in the chest from the atmosphere; but no agues. The captain saw peaches shot into the market-place, like our turnips, and as cheap. Grapes grow in the open air at every cottage, but no sugar is made beyond the boundary of the Brasils.'

At p. 120, we have some details relative to the unfortunate expedition of General Whitelocke against Buenos Ayres. The officer extols the humanity which the Catholic priests at Buenos Ayres shewed to the prisoners and wounded of the British army. The following deserves particular attention.

'The idea of difference in religion appeared to have no influence on the conduct of the Spaniards; the word *Heretic* was never mentioned; though the Spaniards were universally surprised at being told, that the English were *Christians*.'

'I never heard any worse term applied to the English by the lowest Spaniard than *pícaros* (rogues), 'an appellation which, it must be confessed, many of them richly deserved. The English invariably behave ill in Catholic countries, and are too stupid to see the forbearance bordering on compassion, which foreigners exercise towards them. I never felt a compliment

more sensibly, than when a Spaniard said to me at Buenos Ayres, *No, no, Sir, you have neither the looks nor the manners of an Englishman.* The Spanish character never shone brighter, nor has the English often looked more contemptible, than at Buenos Ayres. When the English were embarking on the pier at Buenos Ayres, and the Spaniards were thrusting little bottles of spirits, &c. into their hands by way of taking a friendly leave, I heard the English soldiers muttering to themselves—*D—n your eyes, if we had had a little better luck, what a sacking we'd have given you.*

At p. 130, we meet with some interesting remarks on the manners and state of the interior of Russia, 'which were related in company or written in a journal by two intelligent ship-owners, a nephew of Sir Samuel Standige and Mr. Atkinson, both of Hull; who were both sent to a village south of Moscow.' The great evil in Russia is the vassalage of the peasantry. The boor is bought and sold like the stock on the farm. He cannot remove without the permission of his lord from the place of his birth; but must, in some measure, vegetate where he is fortuitously placed, with hardly any more loco-motion than a tree. What more than any thing else stimulates the industry and infuses a generous ardour into the bosom of man is the hope of bettering his condition. But the Russian boor is generally without this hope; nor has he any thing to bequeath to his children but his poverty and despair.

The Russian boors are represented as so indolent, that nothing but fear can stimulate their activity, and nothing but force induce them to toil. But is this at all extraordinary? Or can it be otherwise, where the individual cannot improve his circumstances by exertion; and when, whatever may be his pains, he is not to be benefited in proportion to the fruits of his industry? When this is not the case, who can wonder, that the Russian boors are idle, and that thievish habits accompany that idleness? How can a sense of probity germinate in such a situation? It has no soil congenial to its growth. We might as well expect to find the ananas spontaneously springing up in the frost of the Siberian wilds.

At p. 153, it is said, that 'the Petersburg barracks were built to contain 90,000 soldiers;' * * * 'They are airy and uniform.' All this may be true; but who that loves liberty will coincide with the author in the following? '*England ought to expend millions of pounds in similar structures.*' * * * England has already expended some unprofitable millions in such structures, and her ministers

have manifested no unwillingness to cover London with barracks according to the dimensions of those in the Russian capital.

The writer says: 'A foolish law has been enacted by *Alexander*, by which the nobility can sell their estates; and the trading or *financial* rank can purchase.' Instead of deeming this a foolish law, we rather consider it as highly expedient and wise in every point of view. It will accelerate, more than any thing else, the improvement of the Russian territory, break the chains of feudal barbarism, and promote the interests of civilization.

Some observations on Poland, Livonia, and Russia, are given from the communications of Mr. Brookes, the celebrated collector of animals, who led, during three years, a sort of wild romantic life in those parts of Europe.

'He slept with his company of one hundred Polanders, under trees or in their branches: he drew his provision from the beasts of the chase which he pursued and took. Hares and pheasants, so valuable in England, are incredibly abundant in a region so thinly peopled. The larger species of the deer, which was supposed to be extant in Lapland alone; the aur-ox, which once roamed in Gaul and in Britain; the hermaphrodite bulls, which are found in countries filled with wild creatures, who copulate according to the appetites of nature, not by the direction and choice of a farmer, or a grazier, intent on the improvement of his breed, and the selection of pairs, and who hence create a dog-fox, or a wolf-dog, from the mixture of the two apparently different races, these he wished to discover and to import to London. With this view he literally swept the woods with one hundred followers and troops of dogs. His followers received no wages but brandy and tobacco: their time was of no value, and hunting was the pastime or the business of their life.

'The interval which lies between the wide forests, is laid out in corn, and the corn is most prolific. From the summits of their few hills, the scenery is rich and delightful. A region of 30 miles (of fields or inclosures they have no knowledge), is frequently covered, within one view, with a waving harvest. The villagers are distant, and the villagers (as in Ireland, or Southern France, mutually migrate, to assist a neighbouring hamlet; they sleep in that harvest land, and move in a circuit through the country: without such reciprocal assistance, the present quantities of Polish corn could not be raised or exported. The climate, in autumn, is hot; rain during three months is not known; the wheat is shorn, but is not stacked or sheaved, till it be sledged to the peasant's warehouse and threshery. Yet it is there so admirably dried, as to be preserved from heating or mildew, and to be proper for food at the end of ten years; the grain preserved so great a length of time, would not produce as

seed. Of wheat an infinite mass could be cultivated, if the tillers were encouraged and rewarded. But in this fertile district, all the natives, from the despotic, or feudal nature of their laws, are incredibly poor.'

The great error of the Polish revolutionists in the time of Kosciusko was not to restore personal liberty to the *serfs* or vassals of the nobles. If this had been done, the revolution, to which we allude, would probably have had a more prosperous issue, notwithstanding the efforts of despotism to crush it in its germ. Bonaparte, who owes his success to the folly of his enemies as much as to his own sagacity, has adopted the wise, and indeed, in this instance, generous policy of breaking the galling fetters of Polish vassalage; and of restoring the numerous slaves of that neglected region to the rights of men. If the following account *have* been true, we hope at least that in future it will rather be the representation of what has been than of what is, or can be. 'A Polish baron, or proprietor, will pass by a hovel filled with the children of his boors, and will offer an Englishman any of the boys or girls in exchange for a pointer dog.'

At p. 180 we have some particulars of the present state of New South Wales, which were related to the author by Mr. Marsden, the chaplain, in February, 1809.

'All our officers, civil, or military, or naval,' says Mr. Marsden, 'trade and profit to a large extent. All keep mistresses, who open shops and often retail spirits. Rum, which costs to them from an American ship, 4s. or 6s. a gallon, they resell at £7. They often monopolize tea and sugar, and sell each for £3 a lb.'

Mr. Marsden represents the colony as 'in want of a thousand women.' He states that 'at present the males are to the females as three to one.' He adds that he hoped to 'carry out some females from the Foundling Hospital.' He says that '16,000 hogs' were drowned by an inundation of the Hawkesbury river, which rose 'sixty feet high.'

In a letter describing the occurrences of the year 1798, Norfolk island is represented as

'a perfect image of paradise.' * * * 'The annual harvest of wheat is double: limes are so exuberant, that the governor from the same tree plucked sixteen pecks of ripe, and left upon it a greater proportion of green, fruit. Pomegranates, melons, figs, and the sugar-cane are there equally prolific. Though its circumference be merely seven leagues, or twenty-eight miles, it contains 1200 settlers, or reformed farmers, and enjoys a state of cultivation equal to the West India islands.'

In other parts of this volume we have some miscellaneous information respecting America. Part of this is said to be from a merchant of the name of Simpson. From his description we select the few following particulars.

'In the *Southern States*, girls eleven or twelve years old marry; if they are unmarried at fourteen, they consider it as old maidism. The American wives are generally slatterns and sluttish; they know little of housewifery.'

'The labourers are universally impudent; the servants are rude. You must expect to meet liberty and equality in every department. The innkeepers will not, if they be seen, or it be day-light, saddle your horse, lest it should appear servility, nor hold your stirrup, though they may keep no ostler, nor clean your shoes. Yet the inns are wretched; you sleep with several men in the same garret, you stye in the same room. You cannot order a separate dinner, you dine at the vulgar ordinary.'

Mr. Simpson says that in America, 'if a bill be returned protested, the merchant's credit is not injured; (how can this be?) the fact is so frequent.' Must not the frequency of the fact, supposing it true, soon cut up all credit by the roots? Mr. Simpson says, 'the congress make laws, but cannot execute them.' This does not appear true any more than the assertion which follows in an adjoining paragraph, that the country 'cannot go to war,' because it 'hates the payment of taxes.' That it hates the payment of taxes we have no doubt, and so do all other countries; but the war-mania may, notwithstanding, unfortunately seize the republic of the United States as well as the monarchical governments of Europe. If the war which has lately, and we think rashly, been proclaimed against Great Britain by the United States, should be resolutely persisted in, it is impossible to calculate its effects. But it must certainly tend greatly to retard the rapidly progressive prosperity of the United States, and perhaps to make a breach in the federal union.

Mr. Simpson says,
'I landed near the river Delaware, and travelled by land. The poorest farmers are sensible, fluent, and artful: beyond the same class in Old England: all have received a tolerable, i. e. an English education.'

This is consonant to what we have said in another place, that the mass of the American population is well informed, and that the freedom of the government, favouring an unrestrained discussion of the public interest, and an unrestrained expression of public opinion, tends very powerfully to promote intellectual improvement, and to

raise the general mass of society above the level of that mental culture, which is found in countries which are less free. We must here take our leave of this amusing work.

ART. IV.—*Aikin's Lives of Selden and Usher.*

(Concluded from the last Number.)

THE life of Usher in this volume is, upon the whole, a much more pleasing performance than that of Selden. It is not perhaps better written, but the circumstances of the narrative excite more interest.

Usher is one of the men of whose birth, Ireland, fertile in genius, and not sterile in learning, may justly be proud. Usher, like Selden, contributed not only to exalt the learning of his country, but that of his age; and at once to raise both in the scale of general estimation. This is high praise, and what cannot fairly be claimed by many of the names in the literary history of this or of any other country. But it is a meed at which every one, who writes under the impulse of any nobler feeling than that of vanity or avarice, or of low and evanescent gratification, ought to aim. And though of those, who in mental or in moral culture, in science or in art, aspire to perfection of product, and to sublimity of effect, the majority may be frustrated in the attempt, or disappointed in the hope, they will certainly advance much farther beyond the level of their natural inferiority, than, if they had made mediocrity either of talent or of workmanship, the object of pursuit, or the boundary of desire.

We cannot be surprised at being informed that Usher exhibited an early 'aptitude for instruction;' but it does excite our wonder when we are told that he was taught to read 'by two maternal aunts, who were both blind from infancy.' In his thirteenth year he became a student in the university of Dublin. In this commencement of his literary career, he is said to have discovered a propensity not only for writing verses, but for playing cards. This last inclination, even if it be not a misrepresentation, does not appear to have ripened, as it too often does, into a habit of idleness and frivolity.

The passion of Usher for historical studies is said to have been first produced by the fortuitous perusal of the following sentence: 'Nescire quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est, semper esse puerum,' which made such

a strong impression on his mind at the time, that historical research became, from that period, his favourite pursuit. Great events in the lives of individuals seem often to hinge on the minutiae of accidental occurrence; for, in regulating the vicissitudes of life, Providence, as Bacon remarks, sometimes causes great weights to hang on small wires. But where apparently trivial circumstances, like that which we have mentioned, determine the predominant propensity of the individual, it seems probable that they always act on a predisposed state of body or of mind. The stimulus, though seemingly small, operates with more than usual energy, when it comes in contact with a temperament of extraordinary excitability.

Living at a time when the fate of nations seemed to depend on the controversial points, which were agitated between the Papists and the Protestants, a man like Usher, studious of truth, and indefatigable in research, was not likely to remain indifferent to questions of so much moment, or to be a calm spectator of the polemical feuds of his contemporaries. In order to be able the more thoroughly to canvass the high claims of antiquity, which are so strenuously pleaded for the doctrines of the church of Rome, Usher resolved not merely superficially to glance over, but attentively to read through the massy folios of the fathers of the church; and in this laborious undertaking, in which he could not have been much cheered by any other sensation than the love of truth, he employed no small portion of eighteen years of his valuable life.

On the death of his father, Usher 'succeeded to an estate of considerable value;' but, supposing that the management of it, from some circumstances of perplexity in which it was involved, would occasion a greater deduction from the time which he wished to devote to his intellectual improvement, than he felt it right to permit, he resigned the 'inheritance to his brother, reserving for himself only as much as would decently maintain him at college, and supply a fund for the purchase of books.' This act evinced a sublimity of mind of such rare occurrence, that it may be ranked amongst those prodigies of disinterestedness by which humanity has sometimes shown its superiority to any base and sordid considerations, and its affinity to the spirits of a higher sphere.

That Usher did not take the step, which we have just mentioned, either through ignorance or incapacity in matters of business, 'was proved,' says Dr. Aikin, 'by his drawing up a correct account of the estates and leases left

by his father, with a statement of all the suits and encumbrances annexed to the property.'

The early maturity of talents which Usher had displayed caused the Archbishop of Armagh to admit him into holy orders at the age of twenty-one years, and he soon shewed with what effect he had devoted himself to the study of the fathers, by the masterly manner in which he impugned the corruptions of the Romish church.

In 1603, Usher was sent to England on one of the most agreeable missions which can happen to a literary man. He was deputed in conjunction with Dr. Chaloner to visit this country, in order to purchase books for the library of the college in Dublin. For this purpose, the English troops, then serving in Ireland, had, with a liberality of which there are few similar instances, subscribed eighteen hundred pounds. After this period, Usher appears to have made repeated visits to England where he became acquainted with the most eminent scholars and antiquaries of the time. During his intervals of residence in this country, he is said to have passed one of the summer months at Oxford, and another at Cambridge, and to have spent the remainder of his stay in the metropolis, where he was most frequently to be seen in the Cottonian library.

In 1615, the Irish clergy determined to vindicate their rights as an independent establishment, and accordingly drew up a set of articles of religion for their own church. They were chiefly indebted to Usher for the composition of this body of doctrine and discipline for the use of his native church. The articles which were drawn up on this occasion amounted to no less than one hundred and four; and, in them the favourite doctrines of Calvin respecting predestination and election, in which the Church of England had begun to relax its faith, were asserted without any ambiguity or reserve. From the period of the restoration, the Irish clergy have subscribed the thirty-nine articles of the English church, instead of the one hundred and four, in the composition of which, Usher had so important a share.

Usher appears to have been a rigid follower of Calvin in his views of the Christian scheme; and, therefore, it cannot be supposed that he beheld with indifference the progress which Arminianism made in England under the protecting auspices of Laud; who had the good or the evil fortune to propagate the mode of faith which he espoused under the shadow of the royal authority. 'When

Dr. George Downham, Bishop of Derry had published a book in Ireland against the Arminians, Laud, who appears to have thought force the most compendious way of promoting conviction, procured an order from the king for the suppression of all the copies of this obnoxious publication. Even Usher, when primate of Ireland, was sufficiently obsequious to comply with the wish of Laud, announced to him in the king's name, to suppress the Bishop of Derry's book, though he entirely approved the system which it maintained. But Usher, though a Calvinist, was an advocate for an unconditional submission to the sovereign.

During the residence of Usher in England in 1625, he received in November in that year, 'an invitation from John Lord Mordaunt, afterwards the first earl of Peterborough, to come to his seat at Drayton in Northamptonshire, for the purpose of holding a disputation on the points in controversy between the churches of Rome and England. His lordship was a zealous catholic: and his lady, the daughter and heiress of Howard Lord Effingham, an equally zealous protestant, being extremely desirous of converting her husband, had chosen Usher for her champion. The catholic advocate was an English Jesuit, who had changed his real name of Rockwood for that of Beaumont, and was Lord Mordaunt's confessor. Usher complied with the invitation, and the conference lasted three days, five hours in each day, he acting as the opponent. On the fourth, when the Jesuit was to have assumed that part, an excuse was received from him, implying that all his arguments had entirely slipped from his memory, as a just judgment for his having undertaken the defence of the catholic cause against so learned an antagonist, without permission of his superiors. This shuffling tergiversation, together with the primate's reasoning, made such an impression on Lord Mordaunt, that he declared himself a convert, and remained a protestant ever after; and in the Countess of Peterborough Usher acquired a warm friend, whose attachment was a great source of comfort to the day of his death. His success in this contest might console him for the mortification he must have undergone from the conversion of his own mother to popery, the religion of most of her family. This event happened during one of his absences in England, and doubtless contributed to enhance his displeasure at the proselyting attempts of that party in Ireland.'

The notions of toleration, which Usher entertained, were not extended beyond the narrow system of the age in which he lived. Hence when a proposal was, at that time, in agitation for conceding a more enlarged toleration to the catholics, he called a meeting of the Irish prelates

at his own house, who drew up a protestation against the indulgence which was proposed.

'It commences thus,' says Dr. Aikin, "The religion of the papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine, erroneous and heretical; their church in respect of both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion, and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin." It proceeds to affirm that such toleration is a sin; both as it is being accessory to their errors, and as granting it upon a pecuniary account, is to set religion to sale. In conclusion, it recommends these considerations to the persons in authority. The Bishop of Derry and the primate afterwards preached sermons before the lord-deputy and council, strongly enforcing the topic of the sinfulness of setting souls to sale for money.

'Bayle, in his dictionary, under the article *Usher*, makes the remark, that in this protestation "the archbishop and his suffragans acted according to the principles of the extremest intolerance; for they did not found their reasoning upon maxims of state, like the advocates for mitigated intolerance, but solely upon the nature of the Roman catholic worship; without making mention of its persecuting spirit, which is the only cause why even the friends of toleration argue that it ought not to be tolerated;" and notwithstanding a laboured attempt in the "*Biographia Britannica*" to refute this censure, it is manifestly well grounded. The protesters do indeed add, that such granting of toleration for money is not only a great sin, but "also a matter of most dangerous consequence;" but what this danger is, they do not explain; and all their argument turns upon the assumption, that popery is a false religion—an argument which, as every established religion may with equal right advance it against every other, will justify universal intolerance.'

In 1639, Usher published a work, in the compilation of which, he had been long and sedulously engaged, '*De Ecclesiarum Britannicarum Primordiis*,' in which he has traced the origin and growth of the christian faith in these islands from the first inkling of ancient record, to the end of the seventh century. It would be out of place here to inquire whether in this learned publication, the author has not sometimes confounded the details of fabulous with those of real history.

Archbishop Usher, in the beginning of the year 1640, revisited England, where he spent the remainder of his life. For his native country soon after became the theatre of horrible barbarities; and the general dissatisfaction of the English, with the arbitrary conduct of the king

kept gradually increasing till it burst into the flame of a furious civil war. During this stormy era, Usher resided for some time at Oxford; and in 1645, when that place was threatened with a siege, he retired to Cardiff where he resided nearly a year under the protection of Sir Timothy Tyrrel, his son-in-law; and after experiencing some of the losses and perils which were so common in those turbulent times, he found a hospitable asylum at the house of the Countess of Peterborough in London and at her seat in Reigate in Surry, where he ended his days in peace, in 1656.

We have so far anticipated the thread of the narrative; but we shall now revert to mention a few of the important transactions in which Usher was engaged, and some of the more interesting occurrences of his life between his last journey to England and the period of his decease. It appears that he was one of the prelates who conferred with Charles I. respecting his scruples in signing the warrant for the execution of Strafford. Usher shared the the imputation of advising the king to consent to that measure: but Dr. Parr, whose life of Usher has furnished the present biographer with his principal materials, has shewn from the attestation of the king himself, that the primate of Ireland had no share in hastening the melancholy end of that unfortunate nobleman. The king said

‘after the bill was past the archbishop (Usher) came to me, saying, with tears in his eyes, Oh! Sir, what have you done! I fear that this act may prove a great trouble to your conscience, and pray God that your majesty may never suffer by the signing of this bill—or words to that effect.’

On the day after Charles had shewn that he had no *unprincely predilections* by signing the warrant for the execution of his friend, Usher was sent to Strafford to extenuate the perfidy of the king, and ‘to promise the royal favour to his family.’

In 1643, Usher refused to take his seat, to which he had been appointed by parliament, amongst the assembly of divines at Westminster. He does not, however, on any occasion, or in any period of the civil broils, seem to have been an object of marked resentment to the victorious party; and Dr. Aikin truly intimates that he had much credit with the Presbyterians, from his constant enmity to popery, his moderate notions of episcopacy, and his attachment to the doctrines of Calvin.

In 1647, Usher was chosen preacher to Lincoln's-Inn, and he performed that office during term-time, for a period of about eight years.

On the day of the execution of Charles I. the primate, who was then

' at the house of Lady Peterborough, near Charing-Cross, from the leads of which Whitehall could be plainly seen, was asked by the domestics if he would not go up and take a farewell view of the king. With reluctance he complied with the invitation; and beholding his Majesty on the scaffold, addressing the surrounding crowd, he stood silent, sighed, and lifting up his hands, and his eyes full of tears, seemed engaged in earnest prayer. But when the king had ceased speaking, and began to undress, and the masked executioners were putting up his hair to prepare him for the block, unable to endure the sight any longer, and chilled with horror, he turned pale, and would have fainted away had he not been supported by his servant. He was then led down and laid upon his bed, where abundant tears and prayers gave relief to the deep sorrow with which he was overwhelmed.'

In 1650, Usher published the first part of his great chronological work; and the second part made its appearance in 1654. The erudition, which is displayed in this performance, is too well known to need our praise.

' The various conspiracies which were formed against the life and government of Cromwell had so exasperated the mind of that usurper against the royalists, among whom he knew that all the episcopalians were to be numbered, that setting aside his own principle of toleration, he issued, in January 1655, a *declaration*, prohibiting, under severe penalties, any clergyman of that communion from teaching school, either public or private, or performing any part of his ministerial functions. This grievous tyranny induced some of the most considerable of the sufferers to apply to Usher, as one supposed to enjoy the esteem and regard of the Protector, for his intercession; and he accordingly waited on Cromwell for that purpose. His mediation at first seemed so far successful, that he obtained a promise that the episcopal clergy should not be molested, provided they did not meddle with matters relating to government. The primate went a second time in order to get this promise confirmed and put into writing; when he found the Protector under the hands of his surgeon, who was dressing a boil on his breast. The dialogue that ensued was remarkable. Cromwell addressing him said, " if this core (pointing to the boil) were once out I should quickly be well." " I fear," replied Usher, " the core lies deeper: there is a core at the heart that must be taken out, or else it will not be well." " Ah!" returned the unhappy great man, " so there is indeed!" and though he spoke with an

unconcerned air, a sigh followed his words. When the primate, however, introduced the business on which he came, Cromwell told him, that having more maturely considered it with his council, he was advised against granting any indulgence to men who were restless and implacable enemies to his person and government; and thus dismissed him with civility and good words. The venerable delegate returned to his lodgings, deeply lamenting the ill success of his endeavours, and complaining that he had been deceived by this false man, whose speedy fall, and the return of the king, he predicted, adding that he should not himself live to see it.

The death of Archbishop Usher, which, as we have mentioned above, took place at Reigate, was occasioned by a pleurisy. He expired in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Cromwell honoured his remains with a pompous funeral. Neither the Irish nor the English church was probably ever adorned by any person of more solid erudition, or more genuine worth, than this prelate, the prominent features of whose life we have compressed within the compass of the present article.

The notes which Dr. Aikin has placed at the end of the volume contain some amusing biographical information.

ART. V.—*Cases of Apoplexy and Lethargy: with Observations upon Comatose Diseases. By J. Cheyne, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland; one of the Physicians to the Meath Hospital, and County of Dublin Infirmary, &c. 8vo. Underwood, 1812.*

THIS is the work of a man of superior intellect, and well versed in all the branches of medical science. As such we have read it with pleasure and profit, and wish to recommend it to the attention of our professional readers. For though it contains little that can strictly be called new, it is not without its use to take a survey of our stock of knowledge, and to observe the light in which common facts may strike an intelligent mind.

We cannot think with Dr. Cheyne that the disease on which he treats, is one with which it is difficult for a student to become acquainted. We are persuaded that the London hospitals, whatever may be the case at Edinburgh, afford abundant examples of it. And if in five years spent in the military service, the doctor did not meet with

one instance of the disease, it is to be ascribed principally to the early time of life in which men are soldiers. Young subjects are not exempted from apoplexy; but it is very rare in them compared with persons advanced in the vale of years.

Instead of a definition of the disease, Dr. Cheyne opens his treatise with three or four examples of it. He well remarks on the fallaciousness of what are often deemed the external marks of good health.

'Some of the appearances observed before the apoplectic fit, which are vulgarly thought to promise long life, are, in reality, the effects of disease. The fulness of the body is often attended with debility of the bronchial membrane, as evinced by wheezing and frequent attacks of catarrh. There is languor, which stimulating liquors confirm, although they relieve it while their immediate effects last. There is inactivity and muscular debility, which few men, advanced in life, are willing to acknowledge. And to the discerning observer, the ruddiness of the complexion often demonstrates a diseased state of the cutaneous veins, connected with morbid actions of the stomach and liver. "Bona debent suspecta habere," is the caution of Celsus, and it ought to be repeated to every person, past forty, of a full habit of body, who lives intemperately.'

Dr. Cheyne remarks, that before the apoplectic fit we may often observe all the symptoms which indicate a constitution impaired in every vital organ. This is certainly correct; but it is not confined to apoplexy. Before the attacks of all the violent diseases (we exclude the contagious, of course) the powers of life are greatly impaired; particularly before fatal attacks. The disease itself is but the form of dying; the vitality of the body being nearly extinguished before the attack.

The phenomena of apoplexy disprove the opinion that the cerebellum is devoted to the conservation of the animal and natural functions. The cerebellum is as frequently discovered in a state of disorganization as any other part of the brain of the same magnitude: as Morgagni has observed, '*Cerebellum in apoplecticis tanto rarius lædi contingit, quanto minus cerebro est.*' Dr. Cheyne tells us, that in a patient who survived the stroke of apoplexy for some hours, the cerebellum was the only part of the brain in which he found extravasated blood.

In considering the morbid appearances of the brain, which is called rather quaintly '*the anatomy of apoplexy*,' Dr. C. ranks first, as being probably the most important, as it is the most unvarying appearance, the remains, that is to say, we presume, the vestiges of an excited state of

the minute arteries of the brain and its membranes. This is habitual to the subject, long before the attack of apoplexy; it can often be traced for a series of years; and is that condition of the sensorium which renders the subject liable to apoplexy. This state of excitation often puts on the appearance of increased health, increased muscular strength, and even increased vigour of the intellectual faculties. On this account we suspect, when the doctor says, p. 9, 'it is not to be denied, that apoplexy sometimes seizes those whose health, to every appearance was unbroken, and who had felt unusually vigorous for some time before the attack; that he is really describing this morbid state of excitement. Every animal body, in health, has its determinate degree of strength apportioned to it by nature, or rather by the giver of all good things. An increase of this degree, from no apparent cause, is as truly morbid, as a diminution of it, and portends, perhaps, with greater certainty, future mischief.

The cases, in which persons die with apoplectic symptoms, in whom, after death, no rupture of vessels has been observed in the brain, nor scarcely any morbid appearances in the head, have been denominated *serous apoplexy*. As the difference cannot be detected but after death, the distinction seems of little practical utility: though, in a pathological point of view, it is of considerable importance.

The grand resource, in treating a fit of apoplexy, has been abundant blood-letting.

'Extravasation of blood,' says Dr. Cheyne, 'arises, as I believe does every symptom of apoplexy from increased irritability and action of the vessels; and these states are not to be moderated with dispatch and certainty, but by diminishing the quantity of the circulating fluid.'

And again,

'When the attack has actually commenced, we are without an alternative, we must either empty the vessels, or resign the patient to his fate.'

This sounds very strong; but it goes upon the supposition that the increased irritation *can* be moderated with dispatch and certainty, by diminishing the quantity of circulating fluid; that by emptying the vessels we arrest the arm of death, and rescue the patient from his fate. Now, as to the article of certainty, we need go no further than the eighty-eighth page of this volume, in which we have the history of a woman, thirty-two years old, who on the night of the 27th of the month, became apoplectic; on

the next day she lost, at two bleedings, thirty-two ounces of blood; on the 29th all the symptoms of oppression increased; and on the following morning she died. Histories, similar to this, are very common. We have known a person to be seized with a fatal apoplexy, a few hours after having lost blood by cupping; nor is it possible by any evacuations, however assiduously and perseveringly employed, to subdue the symptoms which are the usual precursors of the attack. Nor can it be denied that many persons have recovered from fits of apoplexy, and perfectly recovered too, who have not lost a single ounce of blood.

When Dr. Fothergill therefore opposed the practice of blood-letting in apoplexy, we cannot suppose, with Dr. Cheyne, that he was influenced by mere speculative considerations concerning the proximate cause of the disease. Dr. Fothergill was the man of all others the least liable to be guided by theoretical opinions; and if he did not think it needful to adduce the proofs on which he rested his doctrines, it could not be from an inability to do so. Enjoying a more ample share of practice than any physician of his day, he was well entitled to give the result of his observations, without descending to the minute detail of individual cases; and without supposing the late venerable Dr. Fothergill, or any other man to be infallible, we think that his doubts concerning the propriety of a practice, which is almost indiscriminately applied, are deserving of the greatest attention.

With whatever degree of confidence modern physicians speak of the effects of bleeding, and attribute to it the direct saving of human life, it is remarkable that at no time, perhaps, have there not been many who were sceptical with regard to it. The venerable father of medicine employed it but rarely. Others of the ancient physicians, as Crysippus of Cnidos, and his scholar Erisistratus, are said to have wholly banished it from the art of medicine. After the revival of letters, Van Helmont opposed the practice, even in pleurisies, and other diseases, in which it is thought to be indispensable. If a vessel, said he, is boiling furiously, would you attempt to cool it by drawing off some of the water, or by diminishing the fire? It will be retorted, perhaps, that the fire is, in this case, within the vessel. But (to let that pass) what we would conclude from a controversy of this kind is, that the opposers of bleeding, being men of sense and observation, as well as their antagonists, must have seen numerous examples of recovery, which, had bleeding been performed, would

have been attributed to this operation; and, we believe that any person, who sees much of the phenomena of diseases, and who can abstract his mind from the yoke of preconceived opinions, may at this day observe likewise similar examples.

Do we then coincide with Dr. Fothergill in reprobating in general terms the practice of bleeding in apoplexy? By no means. The evident relief given by it in instances of oppression of the brain of less severity, as where persons are walking about, and exercising the ordinary functions of life, warrants its employment under the severer symptoms of the total suspension of sense and motion; and makes it probable, that these symptoms are frequently eased and mitigated by it. But still less do we agree with Dr. Cheyne, that these symptoms (as his expressions indicate) can be moderated by bleeding with *dispatch* and *certainly*, or that by omitting the operation, we resign the patient to his fate. We believe that many apoplexies must inevitably prove fatal, not from the mechanical effect of pressure from the effusion of blood on the brain, but because the vital powers are extinct, or on the verge of being extinct before the attack. In such cases, bleeding cannot restore the powers, and must be useless, if not injurious. Nor do we think it possible for effusions to take place in a degree to prove fatal, if the vital powers are strong. That the vital powers are often perfect in many persons labouring under apoplexy, is evident from their complete recovery, and the functions of life being carried on for some years perhaps after the attack. In cases of this nature, bleeding may often be very proper. Not that it saves the life of the patient; but that it alleviates the symptoms, diminishes the sufferings of the patient, and, perhaps, accelerates recovery.

Dr. Cheyne thinks it of little moment from what part the blood is drawn, provided a sufficient quantity is obtained. We apprehend that the temporal artery is the most proper vessel to take it from. We would warn the student to exercise more caution in the quantity he takes than he will find inculcated in this treatise. Great effusion of blood, whatever may be said to the contrary, is a murderous practice. In a plethoric and robust subject, two copious bleedings may be useful, a third may sometimes likewise be proper; but such cases are very rare. If, as Dr. Cheyne says, 'from six to eight pounds of blood have been taken from a person by no means robust before the disease, which ended favourably, be-

gan to yield,' it proves no more than the great violence that can be sometimes offered to nature without destruction. The doctor should have told us, whether the cure proved perfect, whether the patient ever regained his strength, whether, in short, he was restored by the remedy or in spite of it. He says, 'It is Hoffman, I think, who suggests scarifications within the nostrils,' and he suggests the motives which led him 'to *propose* this means' of evacuation. In point of fact we believe Dr. Cheyne to be mistaken. Hoffman does not mention bleeding from the schneiderian membrane; at least in his chapter *de Hæmorrhagiâ Cerebri*. But drawing blood from this membrane is a practice derived from the most remote antiquity. It is mentioned in the Hippocratic writings. Aretæus mentions two instruments for drawing blood from the internal surface of the nose; one called a *carciadion*, and the other a *storyné*; when these were not at hand, he recommends a goose quill, pointed at the extremity, which answered the same purpose.

Emetics, cathartics, and blisters, are the remaining auxiliaries, to which we commonly have recourse under apoplexy. Dr. Cheyne very properly thinks emetics of very ambiguous use, except where the symptoms of an overloaded stomach are very distinct. He has entered pretty fully into the theory of the operation of emetics; and has introduced a critique upon some speculations, said to have been written by the late Dr. Lubbock, which we think were hardly worth refutation. Blistering the head, likewise, we think with Dr. Cheyne to be rarely admissible under these attacks.

Having finished the history and treatment of apoplexy, Dr. Cheyne relates several cases and dissections, to which he has added a commentary on the prominent circumstances of each case. These together make up the greatest part of the volume. In most of the dissections, as would naturally be expected, there were found after death an effusion of blood in some part of the brain. But in some, in which the paralytic symptoms were very distinct, though the stupor was not so perfect as in the more vehement cases of apoplexy, no rupture of vessels was discovered; but merely serous effusions. These had been persons of very abstemious and temperate habits; and the fact proves completely that a rupture of vessels is not essential to apoplexy, but is to be deemed rather an accidental concomitant.

The appearance of an excited state of the minute ar-

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teries of the brain and its membranes is represented as the most unvarying condition disclosed by dissection. And yet we suspect that even in this there is much deception. A true excited action of these vessels would seem rather to produce or to accompany an increased energy of the functions of life, instead of a suspension or abolition of them: the form of diseased action we should suspect to be more nearly allied to phrenzy, than lethargy. On the other hand torpor and insensibility would lead us to look for diminished vascular action in the brain and its membranes. Conformably with these notions, we find during the cold fit of an ague, where there is diminished sensorial power, the features shrunk, and there is every other sign of diminished action of the vessels of the sensorium: but during the hot fit, the opposite corresponding extremes take place. We doubt therefore whether there is any habitual increased action in the vessels of the brain in persons predisposed to apoplexy. If there be fulness of blood, we suspect it to be owing to the weakness of the vessels, the sides of which yield to the propelling power of the heart, as happens in the face, which is often habitually suffused with blood, though there is diminished action and diminished power of the minute vessels.

The following case is not strictly connected with the subject. Our motive for selecting it is, we confess, the expectation of amusing our readers.

Case XX. December, 1808. For some years I have occasionally visited a florid, but enfeebled man, now 65 years of age, with light blue eyes and sandy hair, who has long lived indolently and luxuriously, and who has long complained that while dressing, or sitting at breakfast, or arranging his affairs, he often, ten times in an hour, falls asleep, and he nods even while conversing with a friend, or walking across his chamber. He complains that he spends many hours every day merely in putting on his clothes: indeed I have ascertained that he begins to dress at five o'clock, and is not ready to walk out before one; eight hours being daily wasted in dressing and at breakfast. He complains not so much of drowsiness as of the length of time consumed in every act which he has to perform. His whole time is spent in dressing and undressing, and at his meals: with great difficulty he obtains half an hour for walking abroad. He is much troubled with tremors, particularly of his hands. It was necessary, in 1807, to put him under a course of mercury; but this medicine did not produce the slightest change in his lethargic complaint. His recollection of events long past is accurate, but he has so little power over his associations, that

he is obliged to make *memoranda* (memorandums in English) of the questions he wishes me to answer, relative to the state of his health. From the medicines he has taken for these complaints, he has not derived the slightest benefit.

Dr. Cheyne has enumerated nine causes of apoplexy, which he has given in the order of their frequency of recurrence, formed from an analysis of nearly fifty of the most perfect recorded specimens of the disease. They are, 1. Drunkenness. 2. The form of the body. 3. Temperament-sanguine; sanguineo-choleric; choleric. 4. Gluttony. 5. Indolence. 6. Mental anxiety. 7. Fits of Passion. 8. External heat. 9. Tobacco. It will be observed of these, that they include indiscriminately predisposing and exciting causes. It may be doubted too whether some of them are not to be reckoned precursors of the fit, instead of causes. We allude particularly to fits of passion. We have known a man talking calmly and cheerfully, when, suddenly, without any cause of provocation, he fell into a violent fit of passion, which was followed by a fatal apoplexy. Here it was obvious, that the fit of passion was merely the first in the order of the symptoms. And such, we have little doubt, are the cases which are recorded in our public journals, or buzzed about by the busy tongues of our wondering gossips, in which death is thought to be an immediate effect of divine vengeance for acts of violence, or words of profaneness used immediately before. Dr. Cheyne goes on to remark, 'Apoplexy, as appears by this enumeration of its chief causes, is generally the effect of intemperance and improper indulgences. Intoxication, which is entitled to stand first in the list, may be considered in two points of view in relation to the disease: the habit forms the diathesis; the act is the occasional cause of apoplexy in a great variety of instances: nay, I believe, the daily use of wine and spirits, even in what is considered a moderate quantity, will lead a man of a certain age and constitution to apoplexy, as certainly as habitual intoxication, which rather leads to mania; and, when excessive, to a state between phrenzy and insanity. My own experience of apoplexy would have inclined me to a different arrangement. I should have placed gluttony, "*grandes patinæ et tuceta crassa*," next to drunkenness, and the use of tobacco higher in the scale. It has been observed, if I mistake not by Cullen, that snuff-taking produces premature senility. The observation, I think, I have seen verified, and I am convinced that apoplexy is one of the evils in the train of that disgusting practice. Form and constitution, when unconnected with intemperance, I should have placed at the end of the list. It is well known that con-

tinued and deep study, and despondence, in consequence of great misfortunes, have occasioned apoplexy.'

Dr. Cheyne concludes his work with some remarks on diseases, the chief characteristic of which is somnolency. Of these he would make three genera, differing principally in the degree or intensity of the affection. 1. Lethargy. Where the patients are habitually drowsy, though in other respects the health is good; they eat and drink heartily, walk out and attend to their domestic concerns: this condition lasts for years. 2. Cataphora, a more inveterate form of lethargy, in which the patient passes much of his time in sleep, which is so deep that he cannot easily be roused. 3. Carus is the extreme species of lethargy. The patient is not to be excited by noise, shaking, nor even by pricking nor pinching the skin: from this state there is no recovery. After these diseases there is very generally discovered a laxity of the substance of the brain, and serous effusions either upon the surface or in the ventricles of the brain. Towards the cure little has been effected by medicine, and Dr. Cheyne gives us little encouragement to expect that much will ever be effected.

'I have tried no new medicines,' he says, 'nor have I returned to the use of hellebore; as I am convinced that all Anticyra will not relieve lethargy, as it usually appears.'

In recent instances he tells us that he has 'with advantage adopted considerable activity of practice. When blood-letting was admissible, I have recommended it, and I have ordered cathartics and blisters, and enjoined the strictest attention to regimen. Purgative medicines have not appeared to me so useful in lethargy as might have been expected, unless in such cases as arise from torpor of the liver and intestinal canal: in such cases calomel is a very certain remedy. Diuretics have been inefficacious. A course of mercury was of no service to two of my patients who were salivated, rather by accident than design. The lethargy continued stationary. I have tried tonics, as they are called, without the smallest advantage. Limited topical bleedings have appeared to me useful.'

The following paragraph contains advice, which, we think, of more importance.

'Every thing which greatly stimulates the brain ought to be avoided, such as the daily or frequent use of ardent spirits, strong wines, and tobacco. There is an opinion widely spread, and willingly believed, originating with, and perpetuated by, ignorant and designing men, that those who have indulged freely and long in tobacco and wine, cannot without danger depart from their use. I have seen so many memorable illustrations of the safety of a return to temperance, in constitutions

broken by a long course of inebriation, that I would have the experiment cautiously made upon all occasions.'

Three or four plates of the diseased appearances of the brain are added. We do not estimate very highly the utility of this addition, thinking that they convey very inadequate conceptions of the appearances they profess to represent; and, were it otherwise, it would be of little consequence. A coagulum of blood, within the cranium, can be apprehended very readily without the aid of a plate. But upon the whole we think it our duty to recommend Dr. Cheyne's work, as containing a faithful portraiture of nature, and a summary of the practice which experience has shewn to be most useful. It is certainly a lamentable consideration, that in this respect, the art of medicine has been wholly stationary. The methods of treatment are essentially the same as they were three thousand years ago.

ART. VI.—*The Loyalists*; an historical Novel. By the Author of *Letters to a Young Man*, a *Tale of the Times*, &c. 3 Vols. London, Longman, 1812.

THE author of the above tale is no less a personage than Mrs. West, of moral celebrity; at least so says the back of the volumes, though the name is omitted in the title-page. Mrs. West has chosen the most stormy period in the unfortunate reign of Charles the First for the scenes of her story—which embraces a long and eventful history. Our authoress admonishes us in her introductory chapter, that we are not to expect any very *piquant dish*; but desires us to be content with the homely fare of beef and pudding, which, she observes, is as obsolete 'to feed upon, as church and king is to *think upon*.' How far this remark of Mrs. West's may be true, we are not prepared to determine, not having the faculty of penetrating into people's thoughts, as our authoress may have. We can judge only in a plain strait forward way, either as people write, or as people seem. And, as Iago says, 'people should be what they seem.' Mrs. West appears to us to be a *monstrous* great and good loyalist; and, in this character, we honour her as a worthy member of the corps to which we ourselves belong. With respect to the hint which Mrs. West gives us of the homely fare which she has served up, we must beg leave to inform her that no people can exceed us in our love for beef and pudding, however *obsolete*, Mrs.

West may imagine it is. High seasoned dishes and piquant sauces pass unmolested by us ; nor shall we disturb the economy of the table in search of such provocatives, provided that our plain dish is good in itself, well-cooked, and neatly served up. But, if the beef is dry, and the pudding ill-mixed, we hope we shall not be blamed for rejecting the one and the other for any better banquet which may occur more suitable to our palate. As we said before we are disposed to give Mrs. West all due honour for her loyalty, as well as to applaud the disinterested motives of a work, which has cost her but little pains to put together, as the historical part is a mere compilation from Clarendon, &c. &c.

The following extract will give our readers an idea of the plan of this tale better than we can. Our authoress says that,

'The tale she now chooses as a vehicle, aims at conveying instruction to the present times, under the form of a chronicle of the past. The political and religious *motives*, which convulsed England in the middle of the seventeenth century, bear so striking a resemblance to those,' (we suppose the fair lady means *motives*) 'which are now attempted to be promulgated,' (what does she mean by promulgating *motives*?) 'that surely it must be salutary to remind the inconsiderate, that reformists introduced first anarchy, and then despotism, and that a multitude of new religions gave birth to infidelity.'

Such are Mrs. West's *motives* for writing the present historical novel ; and if a want of spirit and interest be discovered in the story, we must keep in mind the *lesson* which Mrs. West wishes to impress upon her readers ; and be consoled accordingly.

The story wears a serious hue ; and the characters are of that passive kind, which can only endure with patience, and await with hope. The history of Evellin, or Lord Bellingham, is very well told ; but, with all his merits, and the cruel and undeserved persecutions and treachery which he undergoes, would fail in any degree to interest the reader, were it not for the amiable and firm character of his daughter Isabel. We look upon this young lady's portrait as the very best in the piece. Her good sense, her tenderness of heart, her indefatigable industry, her never-failing cheerfulness in the most trying situations, and, above all, her steady and unshaken fortitude, render her a most pleasing subject for contemplation, and a very proper pattern for the imitation of our modern *belles*. The contrast between Isabel, and her cousin Constantia,

is not destitute of amusement; and may help to inform our readers what sort of a creature an accomplished female was in the days of Charles the First.

Eustace (the brother of Isabel) Isabel, and Constantia, scarce needed the bond of kindred to ensure affection. Their ages, habits, manners, and principles, so well accorded, that their liking was instantaneous. The only difference was, that the young Evellins, "bred on the mountain's rough side," inured to severer trials, and exercised in a daily course of rigid duty, displayed an energy and self-dependance which agreeably contrasted the polished sweetness and feminine sensibility of Constantia Beaumont. Isabel was an admirable herbalist, and expert in supplying all the wants of a secluded family; robust with health and exercise, yet neither coarse in her person, vulgar in her manners, nor sordid in her mind, Constantia was mistress of every elegant accomplishment; she painted, sung, touched the lute with exquisite sweetness; melted at every tale of woe; loved all the world, except her father's enemies; and was willing, as far as her slender frame permitted, to perform the lowest offices that would promote the welfare of others.

When Isabel is questioned by her aunt, the good notable Mrs. Mellicent, about her skill in the *refined* arts, she cuts but a woeful figure, her accomplishments being very widely different from those of the polished Constantia.

'Can you work tent-stitch neat, my love?' asks Mrs. Mellicent. "No!"—"Bless me, had you leather hangings to your best apartments?" Isabel was ignorant what hangings meant. Mrs. Mellicent proceeded to examine her proficiency in confectionary; and found with astonishment that it was a science of which she did not know the name. 'Can you paint chimney-boards, or cut paper, or work samplers?' "Dear Aunt," said Isabel, "I am a brown bird of the mountains," as my mother called me. She taught me to sing, because she said it made work go on more merrily; but the longest day was short enough for what I had to do; I was laundress, and sempstress, and cook, and gardener; and if Cicely went to look for the sheep, I had to milk and bake, and at night I mended my father's fishing-nets while I was learning Latin with Eustace. Yet I got through all very well, till my mother fell sick, and then I nursed and dressed her, as she lay helpless on the pallet. But, if I live with you, I will learn all your employments, for I am never happy when I am idle, and my only wish is to be useful.'

Such are the different accomplishments of these heroines of this historical tale, who undergo various privations, and encounter the most terrible difficulties to which they were exposed by the turbulence of the times. Imprisonment, poverty, and dangers of every kind assail them. After

years of difficulty and trial, the *Restoration* sets all to rights again; and they are rewarded for their magnanimity, their patience, and their fortitude. Isabel's character shines most resplendently whilst she is attending upon her father; who, having been stripped of his property and his earldom by the treachery of his brother-in-law, joins the king's forces; and, after that monarch's repeated defeats, takes refuge in the mausoleum of a dilapidated church, where his daughter helps to conceal him, and ministers to his wants. The following is the description of the discovery, which Isabel's lover makes, of her nocturnal attendance upon her father.

'A little before midnight he heard the sound of feet; the shade was withdrawn from a dark lantern; and he discovered Isabel by its feeble light, as she held it up, and with cautious anxiety seemed to explore the ruins, to be assured that all was safe, before she ventured on her nocturnal employment. She then approached the door, and whispered to the invisible inhabitant of the sepulchre. Sedley heard a bar fall, and saw her remove a portion of the rubbish, enter the dreary abode, and re-close the door. Listening, he heard voices conversing in low murmurs. Could a lover resist making a further discovery? He determined to open the door sufficiently to steal a view of the object concealed, and afterwards to join Isabel on her return, and apprise her of the necessity of selecting another asylum.

'The stolen view was awful and impressive. The inside of the cemetery was lighted by a lamp, that shewed it was furnished with those articles of comfort which rendered it an habitable abode. On a neat pallet lay an aged gentleman, corresponding, in his appearance and infirmities, with one of the fugitives from Pontefract described by Morgan. Isabel had already spread a table, on which were placed the refreshments she had just brought, and a prayer-book. She was, at that moment, employed in chafing his benumbed limbs, and, at the same time, looking up at her patient with the tenderest affection, smiling through the tears of anxiety and compassion; while, as he bent over her, shrinking with acute pain from her light and tender touch, a glow of sublime affection illuminated his pale and furrowed features.'

The scene, which follows on Sedley's being discovered by the fugitive, is well described, as well as the continued sufferings of Isabel's father, on whom she attends as a ministering angel, and nobly perseveres in performing the duties, which her unfortunate circumstances require. As the passion for reading of ghosts and goblins may not have entirely subsided, we will give the following extract, with which we shall conclude our notice of this historical tale.

* But she was soon roused by the sound of voices, and beheld an indisputable apparition. An aged grey-headed man, bent double, clad in a loose gown, and leaning on a staff, crept out of the very pile which she had been so fearfully contemplating all night. He was attended by a female figure, who carefully seated him on a bank opposite her window. The occupation of these spectres was no less extraordinary than the time of their appearance, for they seemed engaged in what, she thought, ghosts always omitted—devotion. * * * * * She continued to gaze, in petrified horror, till the female apparition rising from its knees, after adjusting the hair, and wiping the face of its companion, sung the following stanzas, with a voice resembling that of human beings, except that its harmonious notes exceeded in sweetness any thing that Mrs. Abigail had ever heard.'

Next follow the stanzas; and the woman's astonishment which broke out in exclamations, awoke her lady, who rising and inquiring the reason, saw with horror and surprise, in the apparitions before her, no other than her injured brother and his daughter. We stop to add, that some poetical pieces are interspersed in these volumes, which are very pretty, and very creditable to the taste of Mrs. West.

ART. VII.—*The Speech of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in the House of Lords, on the Catholic Question, on Tuesday, April 21, 1812. With Proofs and Illustrations.* London: Asperne, 1812.

THIS able speech is prefaced by an excellent exordium, occasionally resplendent with the most brilliant gems of philosophical truth. The royal duke recommends a calm and dispassionate consideration of the Catholic Question, under the influence of the benign feeling of universal charity.

'*Homo sum,*' said his Royal Highness, '*humani nihil a me alienum puto.*' 'I pretend to nothing else; nor wish but to recommend the moderation and gentleness which belong to christian hearts, instead of the rage which portrays the nature of tigers. It is the cause of humanity and UNIVERSAL TOLERATION that I am pleading, not from indifference to religion, but from a conviction that, *when governments interfere with religious opinions, instead of protecting, they enslave them*; which encourages hypocrisy; whereas they should tolerate their errors without approving of them; suffering with patience all that their Maker permits from those errors to a far greater degree; and thereby endeavouring, after the example of our Saviour, to bring mankind

back by a mild persuasion. If man be prevented from manifesting his religious opinions and tenets, he will either become silent and a stranger to his neighbours, thus rendering himself suspicious to the common-wealth; or, he will turn hypocrite, by connecting himself with a religion which he abominates, and which, therefore, can have no tie upon him; or he will end by being a freethinker, an atheist, denying the existence even of his Creator; and consequently depriving society of that security by which the religion he originally was inclined to profess, would naturally have bound him.

'In tolerating all religions, government becomes acquainted with their tenets, and of course knows the limits as well as the extent, of the pledges requisite for the tranquillity of the state, besides what holds it has or can have upon them.'

'THE WISEST AND SOUNDEST POLICY WOULD LEAVE ALL RELIGIONS QUIETLY TO THEMSELVES, so long as they neither attack morality nor subvert the public quiet, either by their ambition or intolerance; their variety would not fail to produce a rivalry, useful as a balance in the scale of power, and as an emulation to virtue. The state has no right to exercise its authority over the private opinions of any individual; but merely to notice those acts which may endanger and disturb the regularity and good order of its civilized community.'

These are just and noble sentiments worthy to be uttered not only by a prince of the blood, but by a sage of deep reflection and of comprehensive views. His Royal Highness very pointedly remarks that 'when governments interfere with religious opinions, instead of protecting, they enslave them.' The wisest thing which governments can do with respect to religion, is to follow the advice which the wisest economists have long urged them to pursue with respect to commerce; to let it alone. Religion will flourish best when left to itself. It contains in itself the principle of fertile expansion, and of vigorous growth. To attempt to foster it by any political influence, is not only to mildew its leaves, but to make it decay at the root. Let this goodly plant, which heaven designed for the shade and solace of the nations, be henceforth exempted from the profane touch of ministers and kings.

Religion has its strongest hold in the nature of man, and in the dependent circumstances of his condition; nor can it ever want any other encouragement than its own admirable adaptation to the wants of suffering humanity. In proportion as man becomes more enlightened, religion will become more philosophical. Instead of being made to consist in gross mummeries, which are, at once, the stay, the occupation, and the delight of ignorance

and superstition, it will be directed more to the encouragement of the two great principles of Theopathy and Benevolence. Theopathy is that state of the affections towards God, which makes him not only the primary object of love, but the centre of repose, of trust, and of happiness in the heart. This theopathy will more or less warm the bosom of every man, whose sensibility is excited by the experience or the contemplation of the divine goodness in the events of life, or in the works of creation. With this inward reclining of the affections towards God, there will always exist in a being endowed with social sympathies, a concomitant desire to promote the happiness of others. Where these two principles are thus blended in harmony of sentiment and of practice, religion has done her perfect work, which may be marred, but which cannot be improved by the craft of politicians.

The august personage to whom we are indebted for the present speech, makes a remark which evinces a sagacity of no common kind, and develops a truth of no ordinary magnitude and interest.

'In proportion,' says the royal duke, 'as civilization increases in the world, diversity of opinions must naturally multiply, and on no subject so much as on that of religion, in which meditation has so great a share, in relation to the present security and future happiness of every individual.'

Some persons will be inclined to augur a diversity of ills from this diversity of opinions. This will be particularly the case with those persons, who think that all men's minds ought to be cut and fashioned according to the square of what they deem orthodox tenets; and that he, who does not hold these reputedly orthodox opinions, ought to be considered as an outcast from the communion of the faithful. But we are not of this way of thinking, and it gives us great pleasure to find his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex thinking with us that an increase in the activity of the mental powers is devoutly to be desired, even though the multiplication of religious opinions be the natural result.

Many Catholics have strenuously objected to the Reformation, because it greatly augmented the diversity of religious opinions, and made Europe swarm with sectaries. We assent to the truth of this position, though we do not think it an evil but a good; and it ought to be considered amongst the benefits rather than the mischiefs of the reformation. The reformation added greatly to the number of *thinkers* on religious subjects; and religion is not one

of the topics on which men are apt to think alike. But is it not better for men to think differently from each other, than not to think at all? Is not activity better than torpor of mind? In other words, is not knowledge better than fatuity?

But if the Reformation multiplied the number of thinkers on religious subjects, and consequently augmented the diversity of religious opinions, must not the recent efforts to extend the blessing of education to the poor, and to put the Bible into every man's hands, that he may form his own creed according to the best of his judgment and the dictates of his conscience, multiply the thinkers on religious subjects, and increase diversity of religious opinions with more rapidity, and to a greater extent than were ever known before? Those, who think that this will not be the case, know little either of religion or of the human understanding. Many persons, who have sagacity to see this effect, lament it as an evil of indefinite magnitude, and perilous portent, in much the same manner as the Catholics deprecated the reformation. But like the Catholics at the time of the reformation, the present impugnors of the Bible Society, the Lancastrian schools, and other admirable institutions, are not sufficiently aware that, in proportion, as religious opinions are multiplied, the opportunities are increased for the exercise of reciprocal forbearance, and of universal charity.

Religion is a complex subject, on all the points of which men cannot think alike. Indeed it is one of those questions in which perfect concord of *opinion* seems impossible in the present dark and perplexed state of human existence. It cannot be produced either by argument or by force. The subtleties of the schoolmen, and the torments of the inquisition have been tried in vain. But though a diversity of opinions in points of religious speculation may come to be so great that no two persons may be found who think alike, this need be no impediment in the way of reciprocal forbearance and of universal charity. It furnishes indeed the strongest possible argument for both, not only in the morality of the obligation, but in the necessity of the practice. The sentiment of charity in all its unspotted purity and effulgence, may abide in the hearts even of those who entertain the most discordant opinions on points of theological speculation. Christianity, the spirit of which is an emanation of the Divine Mind, makes charity not only the beginning, but the end of the commandment. And, where this charity has fixed

its residence in the human breast, it matters not in the least, how much men *think differently from each other in points of speculative belief.*

Amongst the valuable notes which are appended to this speech, the royal duke has quoted part of a speech of Bonaparte to a deputation of the protestant clergy in his dominions. There is a sentiment in that quotation which deserves to be attentively considered. It furnishes much matter for the commentary of the philosopher and the politician. 'L'EMPIRE DE LA LOI FINIT OU COMMENCE L'EMPIRE INDEFINI DE LA CONSCIENCE.' 'The empire of the Law ends where that of Conscience begins.' It has never yet been sufficiently impressed on the minds of the governors of nations, that *matters of conscience, as they regard the intercourse between a man and his maker, are placed entirely out of the province of legislation.* It is indeed equally nugatory and absurd to presume to dictate to beings endued with reason and conscience, in what precise form or manner they shall presume to think or speak of the Deity or of the state of man after death. The right of a government to exact obedience and the duty of a subject to yield it, are circumscribed within the relations of this mortal life. They extend not beyond the grave. See C. R. for July, p. 99. A government may make the present conduct of men the object of rewards and punishments, but it is an outrage on the rights of conscience, which are as sacred and indefeasible as those of any political establishment, to pretend to define the line within which men shall speak or think with respect to the state of man in another life, or the terms of acceptance with the Deity after death.

All the varieties of religious worship may be considered as so many provinces, over which, what Bonaparte, as quoted by the august speaker, calls the empire of conscience extends. They are, therefore, subject to no human cognizance, but to that of God alone. The right of religious liberty is like that of self-defence, which Cicero mentions in his oration for Milo. *Est hæc non scripta, sed nata lex: quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus: verum ex natura ipsa arripuimus, hausimus: ad quam non docti sed facti: non instituti sed imbuti sumus.* Cic. pro Mil. 4. Religious liberty is not derived to us from any political authorities nor from any legislative enactments. The thing itself in the abstract, is anterior to any form of political government, and as it respects individuals, in a more palpable shape, it is not a conventional favour, but an indefeasible

right. It is coeval with our birth. It is connate with the first rudiments of intellectual existence. It is not the niggardly alms of a charitable government. It is the liberal bequest of nature, or rather of the God of nature to all his children, who have a soul to save. Respiration is not more the natural office of the lungs, than religious liberty is the proper province of the soul. And as the air of heaven is not subject to individual jurisdiction, but is the common inalienable property of all who have lungs to breathe, so religious freedom, which in itself is subject to no temporal control, is the unbought privilege of all rational creatures in the universe, who have hearts susceptible of religious impressions, or who have minds to contemplate the perfections of the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

Hence it follows, that all religious intolerance is not only an outrage on the indefeasible birth-right of man, but on the awful majesty of God. For if a government prohibit any particular worship, it is the same thing as if it passed a law to forbid the Almighty to receive it. Is not this to aspire to make the attributes of The Most High a matter of human cognizance? Is it not to affect to circumscribe the volition of the Deity by an act of parliament? Is not this the climax not only of folly but of impiety?

It is clear to all who will take the trouble to reflect on the subject, that it is the height of *presumption* in any human authority, whether it be that of senates or of kings, to *affect to tolerate* either this or that particular species of adoration. For *toleration*, which supposes something allowed which might be forbid, *implies a reserved right to be intolerant*. It is not indeed to exercise the right, but it is to keep it suspended in a menacing posture over the Conscience of the land.

We have thought it our duty to make these remarks on this important subject at the present period, when the moment is arrived, in which all sects are preparing to claim religious liberty full and unrestrained, and that, not as a boon which government may either give or refuse, but as a right of which no government can even limit the exercise without equal impiety towards God, and injustice towards man.

It adds greatly to our satisfaction that our views of religious liberty are in unison with those of the august author of this admirable speech. We trust that the name of the Duke of Sussex thrown into the scale of the friends

of religious liberty will accelerate the triumph of their cause. Let the Dissenters make a firm and cordial union with the Catholics, and the Catholics with the Dissenters; and no government, however fondly it may cling to the antiquated pleas of intolerance, will venture long to resist their claims, which are not only founded on truth, but are supported at once by justice and by charity, by the reason of man, and by the voice of God.

ART. VIII.—*Poetical Vagaries; containing an Ode to We, a Hackneyed Critick; low Ambition, or the Life and Death of Mr. Daw; a Reckoning with Time; the Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig; Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt. By George Colman the Younger. 4to. pp. 144. Longman, 1812.*

IT has been observed that the English is not a story-telling nation; but if Prior, Gay, Swift, and Somerville were insufficient to place our reputation, in that enviable quality, on a level with that of the countrymen of La Fontaine, we might still, with the humorous author of 'My Night-gown and Slippers' by us, boldly stand forth and challenge a competition with the most accomplished race of fabulists ever created. Adopting, evidently and avowedly, the quaint and whimsical style of Hall's Crazy Tales for the model of his own, Colman has so appropriated it to himself by the great superiority of his natural genius over that of the founder of the sect, or any of his numerous followers, that there is no author of the present day who possesses, in our estimation, more undoubted claims to the praise of originality. The playfulness of his fancy is inimitable; the correctness and facility of his expression unrivalled. His humour is often of the highest order, and when he descends (as some will say he too frequently does) into the lower walks of buffoonery, he does it with such easy good nature as to make even the 'lamentable sin of punning' assume the countenance of a grace if not of a virtue.

It is now nine or ten years since the re-publication of his Night-gown and Slippers, with the two additional tales of Sir Thomas Erpingham and Miss Lucretia Clogherly, under the title of 'Broad Grins.' Like the Irish Gentleman who complained of having been changed at nurse, or like the Lady of the Wreck herself in one of the tales

now before us, who exclaims 'I feel myself, myself no more,' *we*, Critical Reviewers, are no longer the same *we* who then conducted the Critical Review, and must therefore beg to be forgiven if *we* actually have forgotten all that *we* thought or said of George Colman the younger in those days of our former selves, and whether *we*, or any and which of our contemporaries, were the 'Hackneyed Critick,' on whom he has taken the severe vengeance of his introductory ode. In this uncertainty, we do not feel ourselves called upon to answer the question,

'Which occupation, pray, is best,
Thy spite or my vagaries?'

any farther than by declaring our conviction that Mr. Colman's Vagaries have amused *us* infinitely more than the most unbounded indulgence of our spite, if we had any, could injure *him*. And having declared thus much, we will now proceed to let our readers participate in the laughter which we have ourselves enjoyed.

The birth and education of Mr. Daw (the hero of the first tale in the present collection,) is described in the following verses.

'—— I sing the man yeledped Daw,
Whose mother dress'd the Tragic queens :
She in the candle-snuffer rais'd a flame,
Then quench'd it like a liberal dame ;
And the first light my hero ever saw,
Was that his father snuff'd behind the scenes.
Born to the boards, as actors say, this wight
Was oft let out at half-a-crown *per* night,
By *tender* parents, after he was wean'd :
At three years old, squab, chubby cheek'd, and stupid,
Sometimes, he was a little *extra* fiend,
Sometimes, a supernumerary cupid.'

His utility, as an actor, depending solely on his personal qualifications to fill these infantine parts to the admiration of the community, he soon outgrew himself, and at fourteen years old, it became very difficult to dispose of him in a situation answerable to his age, stupidity, and extraordinary ugliness—so extraordinary, that

'Three single ladies, and one married,
By looking at him, all miscarried.'

In this dilemma, a very fortunate circumstance occurred.

'The prompter's boy, a pickled, thoughtless knave,
Playing a game at marbles, in the sea,
Happen'd to break his leg upon a wave,
And Master Daw was made his deputy.'

The various whimsical incidents to which he was witness during the period of his sustaining this important office, must now be passed over, as well as the verses which our author has entitled 'a Reckoning with Time,' which, though excellent in themselves, delay the reader rather unpleasantly on his road to the termination of the tale. Our hero remained during the period of a triple apprenticeship in the subordinate station already mentioned; and at the expiration of that term, presented in his person, character, and attainments, an interesting object, of which the following is the picture:

'Daw, now adult, and turn'd of five-and-thirty,
 Conceiv'd himself miraculously clever:—
 His skin was like a dun cow's hide grown dirty,
 And his legs knit in bandiness for ever.
 Coxcombical, malicious, busy, pert,
 Brisk as a flea, ignorant as dirt,
 When he began one of his frothy chatters,
 Boasting about his knowledge of stage matters,
 He look'd so very, very sage,
 You could not for your soul, talk gravely to him:
 He seem'd an Oran Outang come of age,
 Conniv'd at for a man by those who knew him.
 Many strange faces may be seen—but Daw's
 Look'd like the knocker of a door, whose grin
 Has let its handle tumble from the jaws,
 To hinder you from rapping on its chin.'

He now ventured, the person above-described, upon the stage, in a certain class of characters, which seems to have been peculiarly adapted for one of his qualifications.

'——— When *sham* beasts came on, it was his pride
 To tell, he always acted the *inside*.'

In this capacity, we are shortly afterwards told

'His reputation rose so fast
 That he was called *par excellence*, at last,
 The great *Intestine Roscius* of his day.'

When his fame was at its highest pitch, it happened, one unlucky Christmas, that a pasteboard elephant was prepared to make its appearance in a pantomime. To perform the character of this majestic brute with proper dignity, it is necessary (we are informed) to provide *two insides*, of whom the tallest must walk perpendicularly before, and the other follow after,

'Stooping, and bringing down his features,
 Over the front man's latter end.'

Our hero, on account of his small comparative bulk, was selected by the manager to 'fill the hinder quarters.'

'The *HINDER quarters!!!* Here was degradation!

Gods! mighty Daw!—what was thy indignation?

The eloquent and pathetic remonstrance which he framed on the occasion of this disgrace, deserves to be ranked among the finest specimens of simple oratory extant. Nevertheless, we are informed,

'All that the manager said to it,

Was simply this—Daw, you must do it.'

The power of a manager is absolute, and the indignant Daw was forced to submit to his authoritative fiat. The curtain draws up, and the elephant appears, to the great satisfaction of an overflowing and enlightened audience. The catastrophe is thus related:

'Daw, with his ugly face, inclined

Just over his tall rival's skirts,

Bore horizontally, in mind,

His self-love's bruises, and ambition's hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgrac'd,

Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest feather,

He bit him in the part where honour's plac'd,

Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw

Upon his *pais-bas*,

The man, unable to conceal his pain,

Roar'd and writhed,

Roar'd and writhed,

Roar'd and writhed, and roar'd again.

That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer,

But on a repetition of the spite,

How was the house electrified to hear

The elephant say,—“Curse you, Daw, don't bite.”

A direful conflict ensues between the rival insides, which is aptly enough designated by the poet, as being

'—— the strongest precedent by far,

In ancient or in modern story,

Of such a desperate *intestine war*,

Waged in so small a territory.”

And in this civil broil, like any other,

Where every man in arms, his country shatters,

The two inhabitants thump'd one another

Till they had torn the elephant to tatters;

And, thus uncas'd, the rival actors

Stood bowing to their generous benefactors.

Up roar'd ensue—from every side,

Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide;

While the two bowels in dismay,

Hiss'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted—walk'd away.'

If the history of Mr. Daw has raised a laugh, we can promise our readers that the tale of the Two Parsons is by no means calculated to diminish its force or heartiness. It turns on an anecdote which we remember to have heard before, of a poor curate who, having an unexpected invitation to the great mar.'s table, and finding himself without a shirt or a clean neckcloth, contrives the tail of a surplice to answer (in all appearance) to the purposes; tying it round his neck by way of cravat, and 'ostentatiously' exposing the end above the waistband of his breeches, in order to give the lie to the deficiency, which, being himself conscious of it, he naturally imagines that all the world will be inclined to suspect. After dinner, the night turns out so dark and tempestuous, that none of the company present can leave the house, and (every other room in it being full) the Reverend Ozias Polyglot is forced to chum (according to the old college phrase) with a brother churchman, the Reverend Obadiah Pringle, whose character is summed up in the expressive phrase,

'He was the toady of my lord's kept lady.'

Poor Polyglot who is represented as being

'extremely hurt,

To think his brother parson might perceive

A clergyman without one bit of shirt,'

gets behind the bed-curtain to take off his clothes, and watching till he sees his partner's head turned the other way, takes

'a flying leap to bed,

Stark naked as he was when he was born.'

The story thus proceeds:

'Scrambling the sheets and blankets round his shoulders,

He was secure, he thought, from all beholders;

But, to put matters out of doubt,

He said to Pringle, "When you are undrest,

I'll thank you, Sir, before you go to rest,

To turn the candle down, or blow it out."

"Nay, there you must excuse me," Pringle cried,

"These thirty years, I haven't slept one night,

Without a lamp or any sort of light—

'Twill burn quite safe, Sir, by the chimney side."

The chaplain left the light to blaze;—

Getting to bed, the clothes aside he kick'd;

When, what can paint his horror and amaze,

To see Ozias bare as any Pict!

" Bless us !" he groan'd, his feelings vastly hurt,

" Sir, do you always sleep without your shirt ?"

Says Polyglot, ('twas said quite coolly too,)

" Certainly, Mr. Pringle ; pray don't *you* ?"

To shorten the tale, Ozias not only succeeds in convincing his fellow-parson that he has himself pulled off his shirt before he went to bed, but, further, persuades him to follow the example, by gravely assuring him that he acts on the prescription of an eminent physician, who had long before informed him that

' He had known many hundreds lose their lives,

Or shorten them by sleeping in their linen.'

Next morning, Ozias is the first to wake, and seeing Obadiah's shirt lie commodiously by the bed side, deems borrowing no robbery, and actually accoutres himself in the neglected article of apparel.

' He then proceeded down the stairs,

Giving himself a thousand foppish airs,

Leaving his bed-fellow to snore his fill out ;

And, hearing in the breakfast room were met

The last night's fashionable set,

He strutted up to them with a large frill out.'

The incidents which ensue are exceedingly diverting. Parson Pringle vociferously claims the stolen property, which parson Polyglot stoutly defends as his own. Reference is had to the *mark* ; but O. P. unfortunately seems for either party. Pringle then relates the circumstance of the preceding night, averring that it was fair to presume

' Ozias had *no shirt* the day before.'

This charge the female part of the company were instantly prepared to refute ;

' For all the ladies of high *ton* and taste,

Remembering what had stuck out near his waist,

Cried, " O Sir, that he had, we're *very* sure !"

To conclude, the poor curate, victorious in the end,

' March'd homeward, fed and shirted, from the field.'

— ' But, not to leave his character in doubt,

Or lest the clergy should be scandalized,

'Tis fit the reader should be advertized,

When Mrs. Polyglot had wash'd it out,

Ozias took the shirt to the Green Dragon ;

And thence anonymously sent

To Pringle, at my lord's in town, it went,

And the right owner got it by the waggon.'

In this short sketch of the tale of the two parsons, we have been solicitous only to lay before our readers the

point of the epigram. The character and circumstances of the hero (Ozias), and of his wife, his introduction into the squire's mansion, and gradual advance from extreme timidity to that state of easy confidence at which he had arrived, when (in the words of our author)

'He thought it not amiss to give a sample,
That of clean linen he had, now, no lack;
So twitch'd a little, at his waistband, out,
To make the party think, beyond a doubt,
He really *had* a shirt upon his back.'

All this, and a great deal more, as well as the very humorous metrical preface by which the tale is preceded, they will undoubtedly be desirous to know by reference to the book itself. Altogether, they will find it one of the best wrought and most laughably told stories they have ever been regaled with.

But the chef d'œuvre of Mr. Colman's genius, is the 'Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig,' which, as being also the most considerable in point of extent of the several pieces contained in this volume, we have preferred mentioning last, rather than in the order of publication. The design and nature of the poem may be collected from the advertisement prefixed to it by its author.

'Let not the reader, whose senses have been delightfully intoxicated by that Scottish *Circe*, the *Lady of the Lake*, accuse the present author of plagiarism. The wild Irish, and wild Caledonians, bore a great resemblance to each other in very many particulars; and two poets, who have any "method in their madness," may, naturally, fall into similar strains of wildness, when handling subjects equally wild and remote. 'Tis a wild world, my masters! the author of this work has merely adopted the style which a northern GENIUS has of late rendered the fashion and the *rage*: He has attempted, in this instance, to become a maker of the *modern antique*; a vender of a new coinage, begrimed with the ancient ærugo; a constructor of the *dear pretty sublime*, and *sweet little grand*; a writer of a short epick poem, stuff'd with romantick knick-knackeries, and interlarded with songs and ballads, *à la mode de Chevy Chase*, Edom o'Gordon, Sir Laneelot du Lake, &c. &c. How is such a writer to be classed?

'Inter quos referendus erit, veteresne Poetas?

An quos et præsens et postera respuet Ætas?

The poem opens in a very exalted strain of the happiest parody.

'Harp of the Pats! that rotting long hast lain
On the soft bosom of St. Alben's bog,
And, *when the wind had fits*, would'st twang a strain,

Till envious mud did all thy music clog,
 E'en just as too much pudding chokes a dog;
 Oh Paddy's harp ! still sleeps thine accent's pride ?

Will nobody be giving it a joy ?
 Still must thou silent be, as when espied
 Upon an Irish old, old halfpenny's back side !

And then, after two more introductory stanzas, equally
 characteristic with the preceding,

' The pig, at eve, was lank and faint,
 Where Patrick is the patron saint,
 And with his peasant lord, unfed,
 Went, grunting to their common bed :
 But when black night her sables threw
 Athwart the slough of Ballyloo,
 The deep-mouth'd thunder's angry roar
 Rebellow'd on the Ulster shore,
 And hailstones pelted, mighty big,
 The towers of Castle Blarneygig.'

The reader is not to suppose, however, from this commencement, that he is to be entertained with a formal parody or travesty, either of the *Lady of the Lake*, or any other of Mr. Scott's poems—a species of humour, which, (whatever may be the subject on which it is exercised), if spun out to any length, naturally ends in procuring a comfortable nap to the auditor. The story of the '*Lady of the Wreck*' is (as far as we know) perfectly original, and bears not the slightest analogy to either of those on which Mr. Scott has employed his genius. A few passages of close parody are now and then unobtrusively introduced ; and the general style of poetry is made the object, often of witty burlesque, but oftener still of free and happy imitation. Many of Mr. Scott's admirers will, undoubtedly, be highly offended by the satire—many will be still more hurt (though they will not acknowledge it) by the excessive ease and familiarity of the imitation, which is such that the copy can hardly be denied, in many of its graver passages, the honours of a proud equality with the original. We will leave these (shall we call them *fautores inepti*) of Mr. Scott, to settle the business with the author of *Castle Blarneygig* as it best suits them, and proceed (without giving any regular account of the story, which would be only an unfair anticipation of the pleasure of perusal) to give a few specimens, first of the closer parodies, and afterwards of those parts of the poem which entitle the author to a higher praise that can be justly derived from mere imitation, however successful.

'The egg is daintiest when 'tis swallowed new,
 And love is sweetest in the honey-moon ;
 The egg grows musty, kept a whole month through,
 And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon.
 Oh butter'd egg, best eaten with a spoon !
 I bid your yolk glide down my throat's red lane,
 Emblem of love, and strife, in wedlock's boon !'
 Thus spake, at breakfast, the O'Shaughnashane,
 What time his bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.
 Conceits more fond than this he pour'd,
 Conceits with which false taste is stored ;
 Such as, of late, alas ! are broach'd
 By those who have the spot approach'd,
 Where poesy, once, cradled lay,
 And stol'n her baby-clothes away :
 Conceits, in song's primæval dress,
 Of oh ! such pretty prettiness !
 That the inveigling beldame muse
 Seems a sham virgin from the stews ;
 Or, in her second childhood wild,
 The doting nurse that apes the child.
 With such conceits, such feathery lead,
 Which either may be sung or said,
 Mock fancy fill'd the bridegroom's head,
 While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,
 Since he a married man had been.
 'Twas only on the night before,
 That father Murtoch, of Kilmore,
 Had joined him with his all in all,
 Judy Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl.'

The Father Murtoch of this story is a close imitation of
 the mysterious Bryan in the *Lady of the Lake*—too close,
 we might say, were it not for the introduction of a number
 of droll particulars, which render it one of the most
 laughable passages in the poem.

'——— When his mother, on a mat,
 Watching a corpse, at midnight, sat,
 The body rose, and strain'd her charms,
 Almost two minutes in its arms.

* * *

Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,
 A little skeleton she bore ;
 Soon as produced, amid the gloom,
 'Two glow-worms crept into the room,
 Up to its skull began to rise,
 The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.
 O'er every joint did spiders rove,
 Where busily their webs they wove ;

The cabin smoke their texture thin,
 Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,
 "Now it may pass,"—the mother cried—
 "May pass for human!"—and she died.

The little Murtoch's early joy
 Was frolic of Corpse's boy,
 Ne'er by a stick his hoop was whirl'd,
 But with a human thigh-bone twirl'd :
 His leaden lips a laugh express'd
 Whene'er he robb'd a scritch-owl's nest ;
 He scratch'd for worms when showers came,
 And made a boding raven fame.
 Oft with a yew-bough in his hand,
 He lov'd upon a grave to stand,
 (His father's grave !) and there, by night,
 Arrest the bat's low-wheeling flight.
 Such, in his youth, was Murtoch known ;
 But, when to skinny manhood grown,
 Church zeal could scarcely fail to fire
 The offspring of a church-yard sire.
 His smooth scull, whiten'd by the air,
 Unconscious of disdainful hair,
 In meek and ready baldness stood
 To court the cover of a hood.
 Soon in the cloister's gloom he sunk,
 Among the plump, a juiceless monk ;
 Renouncing errors, stale or fresh,
 Of (what he never had) the flesh ;
 And, ever, as to prayer he stalk'd,
 His dry joints rattled as he walk'd.

'Twas thought, whene'er he plodded o'er
 A volume fraught with pious lore,
 His glow-worm eye-balls, in the dark,
 Gave ample light the text to mark.'

This affords one of the best laughs at the nonsensical diableries of the modern antique that we have ever enjoyed. The following is an imitation of that passage in the *Lady of the Lake*, in which, (as the reader will remember), 'Malise is sent, in great haste, to invite gentlemen to a battle, instead of a dinner.'

'Speed, Looney, speed !' next morning cried
 The jocund chief, 'for thou must ride
 Fleet as the bolt that rends the tree
 On rocky Cloghernochartee,

Speed, Looney, speed to every guest !
 Ride north and south, ride east and west !
 Saddle grey Golloch ! spur him hard
 From Glartyflarty to Klanard ;
 From Killybegs to Killaleagh ;
 Cross Ulster's province—haste away !
 Speed, Looney, speed !—invite them all ;
 Baron Fitz Gallyhogmagawl ;
 Dennis O'Rourke, of Ballyswill,
 D'arcy, and pale Mac Twiddledill,
 All the O'Brans, O'Finns, O'Blanes,
 Mac Gras, Mac Naughtans, and Mac Shanes.
 I hold a feast ; thou know'st the day ;
 Speed, Looney ! Looney, haste away !

Our poet completely understands the use which Mr. Scott has made of, and the signal advantages he has derived from, the frequent introduction of the proper names of places and persons ; and, sometimes, as he confesses, has enlarged the sphere of poetical operation in this respect by allowing himself the privilege of mentioning places ' not to be found in any of the maps.'

' Ye sons of Erin ! well 'tis known
 Your nature to the sex is prone ;
 South from Lough Swilly to Tramore,
 From Kilcock to Knockcaly's shore,
 Can ye resist, throughout your isle,
 A woman's tear, a woman's smile ?

Thus, he compares a lady's voice to that of a ' Tom Balruddery cat,' or a tom-cat of Balruddery, ' the squall of which,' (he informs us in a note) ' is very annoying to those whose organs of hearing are unaccustomed to it ; and equally so, is the squall of any cat, in any other place ; which may somewhat tend to diminish the peculiarity of the cats of Balruddery.'

Thus, also, he asks the following question,
 ' When did the day-spring's glimmer find,
 'Twixt eve and dawn, no woman's mind
 Had veer'd, like Dunfanaghy's mind ?

and then candidly subjoins, that ' the wind has been observed to vary at Dunfanaghy, quite as much as in any situation upon a sea-coast.'

So have we the roses of ' wild Flannagarty's vale,' the owls of ' the black peak of Klintertoft,' the anglers of ' Mewry water or the Banne,'

' — A cottyer's half-starved Tom,
 Whom famine had deducted from,

Bagg'd from a cabin, on the skirt
Of thy morass, soft Grannyfert.'

when roses, owls, anglers, and cats, from any other vales, peaks, rivers, or morasses, would have answered the purpose equally well.

But enough of parody. Our quotations are already so numerous and ample, that we feel almost ashamed of increasing their number, and yet should not easily forgive ourselves if we took leave of our readers without furnishing them with some evidence of the author's higher poetical powers in specimens of his more general imitations. The following pictures strike us as being very beautiful, and in the best manner of his original.

'The hunter, who upon the sands
Of Innisfallen's islet stands,
And marks the stag, from steepy wood,
Plunge, panting, in Killarney's flood,
While mountains—on whose shaggy head
Clouds from the vast Atlantic spread,
Re-echo to the mellow sounds
Of merry horns, and opening hounds,' &c. &c.

'——— at the word
Thunder, far off, was muttering heard,
And lightning faintly played,

Dull wax'd the sun; a dusky red
Through the dense atmosphere was spread;
Rooks to their tree-tops caw'd retreat,
Oppress'd with suffocating heat,

The sea, that laved the castle's base,
Arose, the battlements to face;
Fronting the windows, foaming came,
Where sat the chieftain with his dame,
And, full a minute ere its fall,
Spread a broad, waving, watery wall.
Sudden it sunk:—the orb of day
Now struggling with the clouds for sway,
The awful tempest roll'd away.'

The extent of an Irish chieftain's domains is sketched with admirable fancy.

'The vulture, in his sweeping flight,
Sail'd leagues, and kept his grounds in sight;
Nor could the swiftest roebuck run,
Across his land 'twixt sun and sun.'

The description of a true old-fashioned drinking bout,

seems to be taken *from the life*, and to be the faithful representation of a scene not peculiar to Ireland.

'The day arrived—the guests were met;
High in his hall the chief was set;
The horn he emptied soon as fill'd,
And, filling soon as empty, swill'd.
All swill'd alike—each Erin's son
Appear'd a bursting, living ton.
'Twas at that crisis of the feast,
When purpled man is almost beast.
When, either, friend his friend provokes,
By hiccuping affronts, for jokes,
Or goblets at the head are sent,
Before affronts are given, or meant, &c. &c.

Again the horns were fill'd by all,
And ululations shook the hall;
While noise and whiskey rack'd the brain,
Still kept the great O'Shaughnashane
(Who now mortality defied,)
The blown-out candle by his side:
Till sapping, at each feverish toast,
The little sense a sot can boast,
Quite vanquish'd, by potations deep,
The human swine all sunk to sleep.
What time they snorted loud, the fire,
And every taper did expire.
A vassal enter'd; all was dark;
'The turf he blew—but not a spark!
He groped the slopp'd oak-table round,' &c. &c.

We must go no farther, notwithstanding our inclination to draw this very picturesque scene to its conclusion, that we may not forestall the author in the denouement of his story; and we shall indulge ourselves in selecting only one quotation more, of such peculiar delicacy of portraiture, that it would be unjust to pass it over unnoticed.

Movements there are, which most reveal
What most they labour to conceal,
And, in rebellion to the will,
Make bashfulness more bashful still;
The undetermined, shifting eye,
(That sure betrayer of the shy!)
Which, when another's glance it meets,
In sidelong sheepishness retreats;
Striving to note, what scarce it sees,
With much uneasiness of ease,
Chairs, tables, pictures, clouds, or trees:

The tongue, that plunges into chat,
 Flound'ring in haste, from this to that,
 On service forced by nervous fear,
 Till nonsense comes a volunteer,
 And proves the seat of the campaign
 Far distant from the heart or brain;
 And, when the tongue from fight withdraws,
 The silly, the distressing pause!

If strange sensations of the breast
 Rush into woman's face, confest,
 And there a transient hectick spread,
 Vermilioning health's softer red,
 How quickly, then, her heart repays
 Man's kind forbearance of his gaze,
 His mercifully heedless air,
 His careless conversation's care!
 How oft her thoughts, that own the cheat,
 Dwell on the delicate deceit,
 Which mark'd her soft suffusions float,
 And, noting, never seem'd to note.'

We are sorry to have any serious fault to find with an author; whose very name is sufficient to banish seriousness from our thoughts—and no fault will we find, except by asking him a single question. Why will he not suffer the ladies to laugh with him as heartily as the gentlemen? a little pruning of his too exuberant fancy might have rendered the tale of Castle Blarneygig one which a young woman need not blush to say she had opened; while, by indulging it in all its extravagance, he appears to be rather too fond of exciting that 'transient hectick,' which, he justly describes true delicacy as delighted in sparing.

ART. IX.—*Part II. of a Dissertation, on the Foot of the Horse and Shocing. By Bracy Clark, Veterinary Surgeon, F. L. S. Printed by R. Taylor and Co. Shoe-Lane, London.*

WE were much pleased to take up the second part of Mr. Bracy Clark's admirable dissertation on the foot of the horse. This part shews as much solidity and acuteness of observation as the former; and will be found more interesting to the general reader. Mr. Clark possesses a sound judgment, which prevents him from drawing hasty

or erroneous conclusions from confused, scanty, and insufficient *data*; and his mind, at the same time, is so intent on the object of his pursuit, that nothing escapes his notice which can conduce to its elucidation. The subject to which Mr. Bracy Clark has so strenuously and vigilantly directed his attention, is one of great importance, not only as it respects the happiness of a beautiful and highly useful part of the brute creation, but from its connection with some of the essential comforts and conveniences of mankind. If the horse were regarded merely as a piece of machinery for the benefit of mankind, it must be considered as a machine of that kind, for which human ingenuity will not readily be able to find a substitute. How many facilities do the loco-motive powers of the horse give to social and commercial intercourse! How much are we beholden to them for a valuable auxiliary in our business and our amusements! What velocity of execution do they lend to the kind purposes of friendship, and the tender regards of love! But what contrivance of art is ever likely to provide any thing like a fit substitute for this valuable capacity of the horse? Yet this capacity is dependent on the healthy and sound state of the foot of this noble animal. The foot is the organ of speed; and is to the horse, what the wing is to the bird, the oar to the boat, or the sail to the ship. But the powers of the foot, which nature has so admirably contrived in order to render the horse of the most varied and important service to mankind, are very much diminished, and often prematurely and entirely destroyed by the inventive genius of man, either eager to supply the omissions, or to remedy the defects of nature. Nature has protected the foot of the horse with a hard substance, but still rendered highly elastic and flexible, so as at once to sustain great pressure, and to favour rapid movement. But the natural foot of the horse, which is rendered so hard as to be but little susceptible of injury from the hardest surface, man thinks it necessary to furnish with an artificial protection by means of an iron shoe, which is actually compacted by nails into the substance of the hoof. Whether the practice of shoeing originated in knowledge or in ignorance, in accident or design, in humanity or caprice, we shall not pretend to determine; but we entirely coincide with Mr. Bracy Clark, in thinking that he, who first began the present practice of shoeing, laid the foundation of more animal suffering than ever it fell to the lot of one man to originate.

'The nails,' says the author, 'driven by violent hammering into the square perforations of the shoe, are lodged therein so firmly as to form with it a solid mass, wholly preventing any movement of the hoof at the parts where they enter, and at some distance from them; the quarters being held in this fixed state, the rest of the hoof is also robbed of that motion which is necessary for the healthy existence of the foot; being thus held for months and even years in a constrained state, it becomes stiff and inelastic, then diminishes in size,' &c. &c.

'The manner of paring the foot and bevelling the upper surface of the shoe, brings the edge or exterior circumference of the hoof to bear alone on the shoe, on which then the whole weight is resting, and which, if the hoof be not very strong, will sometimes occasion it to bend in near its middle region, or in others at the coronet, creating a contraction of the hoof about these parts: the French term this malformation *encastelé*, for which in English we have no name that I am acquainted with. The natural bearing of the hoof is a very broad and extensive one, and quite different from this.' 'On examining the hoofs of horses after death, we have frequently observed ribs of horn running in a perpendicular direction, and bulging towards the inside of the hoof, the obvious consequences of nails that had been driven too close, or had bent in their passage: an inconvenience which at times cannot be prevented even by real skill and care.' 'The most frequent evil of all is from pricks or stabs of the nails, by their taking a wrong direction; the nails too large splitting and tearing the hoof,' &c. &c.

Mr. Bracy Clark was at the trouble and expense of several experiments to show what can be done towards the restoration to a sound and natural state of horses' feet, which have been injured. These experiments proved unsuccessful; but like other unsuccessful experiments, they are far from being useless or uninstrusive. In one case, which the author mentions, nearly three years of liberty, which the feet were permitted to enjoy, were found insufficient 'to do away the effects of five years of shoeing.' When the foot has been long previously subjected to the action of the shoe, the exposure of it at grass, beyond a short interval, appears to be productive of morbid affections of the part rather than of a restoration of it to its pristine health. Shoeing seems to produce changes in the state and conformation of the foot, which cannot be remedied by any subsequent alteration in the mode of management. It is one of those evils, of which, when the application has once been long and habitual, the disuse becomes more perilous than the continuance.

If shoes should be absolutely necessary in the present

state of the English roads, we have at least the satisfaction to learn from this work, that many individuals, touched by the forcible representation of Mr. Clark, respecting the injurious effects arising from the early application of the shoe, have been induced to bring up their young horses in their parks and pastures without recurring to the premature use of that pernicious invention. The hoofs of those horses, which are not thus early injured, by the use of the shoe, will be more strong than they would otherwise be.

Mr. B. Clark has subjoined a very ingenious and learned essay on 'the knowledge of the ancients respecting shoeing.' From this essay it appears that the art of shoeing horses according to the modern practice was unknown to the ancients. From a passage which the author quotes from Xenophon, *de re equestri*, it appears that great care was taken to preserve and strengthen the natural hoof. The ancients however had some artificial defences for the feet of their horses, which were occasionally employed when they became tender, but these defences were very different from the modern shoes, which are fastened by nails into the hoof. The horse-shoes, (if so they may be called) of the ancients, were formed of the tough hides of animals, or woven out of a species of broom.

Professor Beckman, in his very valuable work entitled, '*Beytrage zur geschichte der Erfindungen*,' has brought together a good deal of learning on the art of shoeing horses as it was practised amongst the ancients. Mr. Bracy Clark tells us that he was not made acquainted with the English translation of Beckman's work till he had written and nearly printed his own essay on the subject. Some of the passages from ancient writers, which Mr. Clark has produced, had been before quoted by Beckman; but Mr. C. has brought forward some which Beckman had not previously noticed.

Plates of metal were sometimes attached to the shoes of leather or wicker-work, which were applied by the ancients to the hoofs of their horses; but that these plates, of whatever materials they were made, were not fixed to the hoof by nails after the modern fashion, is clear from a passage which is quoted from Catullus both by Beckman and Mr. Clark, from which it appears that these metallic soles were left so loose upon the foot, that they were apt to be drawn off by a miry soil.

'Nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere primum,
Si pote stolidum repente excitare veternum,

Et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere cœno,
Ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

Catull. Carm. XVIII. 23. Mr. Clark, by mistake has it XVII. 23.

Suetonius, who is quoted by Beckman (*Geschichte der Erfindungen*, dritter Band, 126) tells us that Nero was wont on his short journies to have his mules ornamented with silver shoes; and Pliny says that his wife Poppæa had them made of gold. From a passage which Beckman II. 137, quotes from Kämpfer's history of Japan, it appears that the people of that country are not acquainted with the iron horse-shoes which are in use amongst us. The author is enumerating the articles which are requisite for travelling in Japan, when he says,

'Des souliers pour les valets et pour les chevaux; ceux-ci sont faits de paille cordonnée, et on y met de longues cordes aussi de paille, pour les attacher aux pieds des chevaux à la place de nos fers d'Europe, dont on ne sert point dans ce pays. Ces souliers sont bientôt usez dans les chemins pierreux et glissans de sorte qu'il en faut souvent changer. Pour cet effet, ceux qui ont le soin des chevaux en prennent toujours avec eux une quantité suffisante, qu'ils attachent aux Porte-manteaux quoi qu'on en puisse trouver dans tous les villages, et que de pauvres enfans qui demandent l'aumône sur le chemin, en offrent même à vendre; de manière que l'on peut dire, qu'il y a plus de Marechaux dans ce pays, que peut-être dans aucun autre, bien qu'à la lettre il n'y en a point du tout.'

The first certain mention of the modern horse-shoe, made of iron and fastened with nails to the hoof, appears to occur in the *Tactica* of the emperor Leo, in the ninth century. The writer specifying the different articles of equipment for the cavalry, says, *πιδικλα, σεληναια σιδηρα μετα καρπιων αυτων*; halters, and iron shoes, with nails to the same. Beckman refers to the *Glossarium mediæ et infimæ Græcitat*is of Du Cange, to shew that the word *καρπια* means nails.

'With William the Conqueror,' says Mr. Clark, 'the art of shoeing appears to have come into England; he gave to Simon St. Liz, a Norman, the town of Northampton, and the hundred of Falkley, then valued at £40 per annum, to provide shoes for his horses; and Henry de Ferrers, who also came with him, he appointed as superintendant of the shoers, whose descendants, the earls of Ferrers, had six horse-shoes in the quartering of their arms. At Oakham, in Rutlandshire, the seat of this family, a singular and rather tyrannical custom long prevailed: if any baron of the realm passed through the place, for him to forfeit one of his horse's shoes, unless he chose to redeem it by

a fine; and the forfeited shoe or the one made in its place, was fixed upon the castle gates, inscribed with his name: in consequence of this custom the castle gates became in time covered with numerous horse-shoes, some of them of an unusual size, others gilt,' &c.

ART. X.—*Pretensions to a final Analysis of the Nature and Origin of Sublimity, Style, Beauty, Genius, and Taste; with an Appendix, explaining the Causes of the Pleasure which is derived from Tragedy. By the Rev. B. Barrett. London, Murray, 1812.*

BEFORE Mr. Barrett proceeds to propose what he calls a 'new system on sublimity,' he takes 'a review of the systems which have hitherto been proposed.' The 'systems,' however, which he examines, are not all which learned and reflective men have devised, but only those of Longinus, of Burke, and of Dr. Blair. He begins with that of Longinus. The work of Longinus is of a rhetorical, rather than a philosophical cast. He has often laboured successfully to excite the sensation of sublimity, rather than accurately analyzed the causes of the production, or the principles on which it depends. The sublime may be regarded either as a feeling, or as some external object or representation exciting that feeling. Longinus has rather generally described the excitement, than particularly explained the exciting cause. He has not unfolded what is that peculiar quality which causes the emotion of the sublime. He appears, from his treatise, to have been very susceptible of this emotion; and as, what we feel strongly, we usually express strongly, his pages can hardly be perused, even at this day, without diffusing over the nerves of the reader the influence of high sentiment and ardent emotion.

With Mr. Burke terror alone, or whatever operates on the mind in a manner analogous to terror, is the source of the sublime. Sublimity, regarded as a state of mind, is a mixed sensation, of which terror is an occasional ingredient; but there are many sensations of sublimity in which no terror is infused. If Mr. Burke have not mounted to the true source of the sublime, or have mistaken one of the remoter streams for the fountain head of the emotion, still he has admirably succeeded in describing some particular phenomena, and some general states of the sublime.

Not dwelling on what is called the 'System of Dr. CRIT. REV. Vol. 2, September, 1812. X

Blair,' who has combined power with terror to form the basis of the sublime, we come to the 'ideas of the author' on the subject, in which we find him exhibiting the criterion of the sublime in the following definition:—'*Sublimity in writing, is that quality, which imparts to it an air of command.*' There are some definitions which are more obscure than the thing itself which is attempted to be defined. Perhaps there are those who will not exempt that just mentioned from the number. Let us, however, give Mr. Barrett a little space to dilate on his own meaning.

'To prevent any difficulty,' says he, 'arising from what I understand by the air of command, the same signification is here meant to be attached to it, which is taken to be implied in the expressions, that "*such a countenance bears an air of command*:" "*such an attitude is commanding*." According to this exposition, it follows that all composition, which is sublime, becomes so in consequence of being distinguished by this air. It matters not whether the composition express terror, power, or any of those other sources of feeling, in which the Sublime has, hitherto, been supposed to originate. All that is requisite is, that it should be distinguished by this character.'

We will now let Mr. Barrett exemplify his criterion in the following passage taken from Milton, which Mr. Burke has quoted to illustrate his own theory of terror constituting the sublime.

'The poet is giving a description of Death, with all its tremendous appendages:

..... "The other shape,
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called, which shadow seem'd;
For each seem'd either; black he stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a deadly dart. What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

'This passage may be shewn to derive its sublimity from the criterion assigned, and not from that of terror solely. It is not by the mere description of an object so terrific, and surrounded by so many awful circumstances, that it attains this quality. The same object and circumstances might have been exactly depicted in a style very distant from the Sublime. They might have been equally exposed by a simple narrative; it would have sufficed for the reader's information barely to have been told, that this shape (of Death) if it might be called a shape; for, it seemed to have no distinctive marks of one; or substance, though it seemed a shadow, equally as a substance; for, no discrimination could be observed between the one or the other; was black as night, fierce as we may suppose ten furies to be,

terrible as we have a notion that hell is. But where would, then, have appeared its sublimity? Whence would have arisen the emotion, which is excited by the poetry? Still, we have the same terrible object, and presented to us with the like circumstances. It is not, therefore, merely the terrible which is the basis of Sublimity: No; there is a certain distinctive principle of the Sublime, which is no more confined to the terrific, than to any other species of composition. This we discover in the manner; as is manifest from the present instance; for, if it is not the mere subject of the poet's description, that exalts to the sublime, there can remain no other instrument of this emotion than the manner.

'From an examination, then, of the manner, we shall observe, that the poet has, in these verses, attained sublimity, solely, because his manner is distinguished by that air, which I have denoted as the characteristic of the Sublime. He elevates himself, and assumes a commanding tone. Not content with simply informing us, that the terrific monster Death was veiled in darkness like the night, that he was ferocious as furies, and formidable as we may conceive hell to be, he must express those exalted sentiments, that noble elevation of soul. Observe; "Black he stood as night." How determined the attitude! Again! "Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell." Not a word redundant, not one that enfeebles; all vigour, all expressing elevation of mind; and the air of command in its highest state.'

Mr. Barrett produces other passages generally supposed to be sublime, in which he endeavours to show that the essential feature of the sublimity consists in the 'commanding manner,' or '*air of command*,' in the representation. Many objects, we allow, may have an appearance, or excite the idea of an *air of command*, which may add considerably to the impression which they make upon the mind. But, how is this *air of command* to be so universally operative, as Mr. Barrett supposes, in exciting the emotion of the sublime? Does it operate by producing fear? Is not fear, except in very particular circumstances, rather an abject feeling than a sublime? Is there any thing very sublime in the sight of a school-boy writhing with fright at the sight of the rod, or of a slave at the sight of a whip, however conspicuous the master may be for the *air of command* which he displays? There may be an air of command in objects which are rather ridiculous than sublime. There are circumstances in which a representation of despair may be sublime; but what can present features more opposite to an *air of command*? The air of command, therefore, is not the essential principle of sublimity; for many objects are

sublime without it; and with it others have not even an approximation to sublimity.

When Mr. Barrett has endeavoured to 'define the nature of sublimity,' he professes to 'describe from what emotion it arises, and how it is to be attained.' We do not see how the sublime can correctly be said to arise from any particular emotion, when it is in itself, as far as it is considered internally as a state of mind, a particular emotion Anger, love, and jealousy, are emotions, caused by particular objects or circumstances; but to talk of anger, love, or jealousy, having their origin in emotions of anger, love, or jealousy, is only to say that, what is, is.

'The emotion from which the sublime proceeds,' says Mr. Barrett, 'seems to be well determined by Longinus. He terms it High Sentiment, or Elevation of Soul; and says, very happily, that Sublimity is an echo of this temper of mind.'

Mr. Barrett accordingly takes 'High Sentiment' for an emotion; and makes this emotion the source of that emotion, which is termed the sublime. 'High Sentiment' is a very general expression, and may be applied to various states of the mind and affections, both of the active and passive kind, as courage, generosity, patience, constancy, &c. Now the exhibition of such qualities of mind in great intensity of exertion, and in striking circumstances, may be deemed sublime, and may give rise to feelings of warm and enthusiastic admiration. But the writer appears in some degree to confound high sentiment with the occasion which produces it.

Mr. Barrett who in the first part of his work had made the *air of command* the criterion of sublimity, in C. IX. makes high sentiment 'its distinctive principle.' Thus he appears to use the *air of command* and *high sentiment* as synonymous terms, though they are often not only disjoined, but sometimes incapable of union. There are, in many instances, high sentiments of piety and resignation, which may be denominated sublime in themselves, and which tend to excite something like a corresponding feeling in others, which would instantly become ridiculous or inert if they were associated with Mr. Barrett's *air of command*. This *air of command*, therefore, cannot be considered as an inseparable criterion of the sublime; nor can we accede to the supposition of Mr. Barrett that it is 'an universally acknowledged point, that the sublime is the result of high sentiment.' For many objects are sublime which are totally insensate; but which may, nevertheless, excite high sentiments of wonder, awe, or devo-

tion, in the beholder, as lofty mountains, roaring cataracts, or mouldering ruins, the works of God or of man. But Mr. Barrett must not confound the cause with the effect; and talk of the sublime being the result of high sentiment, instead of high sentiment being the result of the sublime.

Mr. Barrett speaks of Sublimity as 'an effect of the highest emotion;' but, when a man views a mountain, is it the emotion of the mind which causes the sublimity of the mountain, or the sublimity of the mountain which causes the emotion of the mind? The emotion of sublimity considered as existing in the mind, is a very different thing from the object by which it is produced.

Mr. Barrett's receipt for attaining the sublime, is to communicate to the object the air of command; which, as we have seen, will not answer the purpose in all cases; but will, sometimes, produce the contrary impression, and, therefore, cannot be the essential principle, or form of the sublime.

ART. XI.—*An Account of the Gold Coast of Africa; with a brief History of the African Company.* By Henry Meredith, Esq. Member of the Council, and Governor of Winnebah Fort. London: Longman, 1812, 8vo. 9s.

'THAT part of the coast of Guinea,' says Mr. Meredith, 'known by the name of the *Gold Coast*, commences about twenty leagues westward of Cape Apollonia and terminates at Accra. According to the most modern charts it lies between four degrees and forty minutes, and five degrees and forty minutes of North latitude, and from the meridian to about three degrees of West longitude: the whole extent of it may be computed at about two hundred and sixty miles.'

In the first chapter, the author of this work, who has resided several years in the country, has given a description of the climate, soil, seasons, winds, disposition and character of the natives, animals, vegetable productions, government, and laws. At Cape-coast Castle 'which is considered as the hottest situation on the Gold Coast,' 'the usual degrees of heat, observed in the hottest months, were from eighty-five to ninety degrees.' At the distance of six or eight miles from the sea, the soil is said to be susceptible of every species of culture; and Mr. Meredith states in his introduction, that the Gold Coast is preferable to the West-India Islands, not only in soil and climate,

but also in seasons; and he seems to think that it would 'produce every article that grows there.' If this should be true, the policy of colonizing this part of Africa, may, hereafter, become a point worthy of serious attention in the English and other European governments.

'The general appearance of this country from the sea, may be compared to an immense forest: high lands are seen in different directions, crowned with lofty trees and thick underwoods. On a nearer prospect, and on a strict examination of the country, the valleys are in many places richly planted, and extensive plains are seen beautifully studded, and decorated with clumps of trees and bush. As we advance into the country, where there is more moisture throughout the year, than on the coast, and where the fertility of the soil brings forth the most vigorous vegetation, the woods are so stopped up with luxuriance, as to be almost impenetrable; and the surface of the ground is hid under a covering of shrubs, weeds, and various herbs. The rivers, which are not directed by the hand of art to run in a regular channel, are seen winding in different directions, and taking those courses which the nature of the country points out or admits of: in some places they overflow their banks in the wet season, and form stagnate ponds; whereas, in other places, they run in a rapid manner.'

The inhabitants of the more inland parts are represented as more industrious and less vicious than those on the coast, who have more frequent opportunities of intercourse with Europeans. The author tells us that, upon the coast, 'profligacy, drunkenness, and debauchery, are practised to a pernicious extent.' We believe it to be generally the case that the intercourse of a civilized with a half barbarous people, tends, *in the first period*, rather to corrupt than to improve. For the sensuality and other vices of the civilized people, which are exposed to observation, are more open to imitation, whilst much time must elapse before savages will even partially adopt the greater degree of probity, diligence, and more refined sentiments of their polished visitants. The process of civilization, in some measure, resembles the fermentation of liquors, which are, at first, rendered more muddy and turbid by the very action through which they ultimately become pure and transparent.

The vegetable productions of this coast are various and abundant.

'The sugar-cane grows spontaneously and to a tolerable size; and the black-pepper has been discovered inland. The indigo plant is common to many parts of the coast, and the cotton-shrub may be seen in a wild uncultivated state. The silk-cotton is

found in every part of the coast : the tree is the most remarkable in the country, and from it canoes are made. It grows to a majestic size.' * * * *

The abolition of the slave-trade appears to have altered the severity of the laws in this part of Africa ; for, during its continuance, very trifling offences were punished with the loss of liberty. The temptation of the profit from the trade, caused almost every penalty to be commuted into slavery. Thus crimes may be said to have constituted a great source of revenue to the petty governments of these regions.

In the second chapter, the following subjects occur :— ' Customs ; polygamy ; religion ; Fetish : general observations : Portuguese : necessary cautions for the preservation of health : fumigation : filtration of water.' We found nothing particularly novel nor interesting under the above heads. The cautions, which the author gives for the preservation of health, evince good sense and discrimination. The reputed unhealthiness of the coast of Guinea is probably owing not more to the noxious qualities of the climate, than to the indiscretions of Europeans. A spare and light diet of fruit and vegetables, with a strict abstinence from fermented liquors, would disarm these reputed pestilential regions of a great part of their baleful action on the human frame.

After a general description of the Gold Coast, the author in the following chapter, presents us with a more particular account of the English and Dutch settlements with the country in the vicinity. He commences his progress from Apollonia, the first fort on the windward part of the Gold Coast, and proceeds to *Quita*, which is a Danish fort at the mouth of the *Rio Volta*, at the extremity of the same coast.

The fort of Apollonia ' is situated on a spacious plain, at about one hundred yards from the sea.' At the distance of about three miles from the fort inland is a fine lake of fresh water, which is computed at six miles in circumference. In this lake is a small village, composed of houses chiefly of the bamboo cane, and erected on piles. The houses are separated from each other, and the communication is carried on by means of canoes. The inhabitants procure a subsistence by the fish which they catch, for which they obtain corn and rice in exchange.

Four species of the palm-tree grow in the country of Apollonia; one of which rises ' to the height of sixty, eighty, and an hundred feet.' This species yields an intoxicating fluid, which is obtained by making a hole at the

top of the tree and inserting a reed through which the liquid flows into an earthen pot which is placed to receive it. This liquid is called palm-wine, and is said, when quite fresh, to have a rich and delicious flavour. The soil of Apollonia is good, but the coast of very difficult access. Poultry constitutes the 'chief stock of the middling class.' Superstition is described as less prevalent here than in the other states; and few persons, except the medical fraternity, lay claim to supernatural powers.

'The punishments inflicted on the *commonalty* are beheading, burying alive, and placing the person in a deep pit and leaving him there to perish.' 'The trade of Apollonia consists of gold, ivory, palm-oil, pepper, and some rice.' 'The trader is perfectly secure in this country; he meets with no impositions, nor exactions; his property is in no danger, and his person is considered sacred.'

In the Ahanta country there is stated to be a general attention to agriculture; and the inhabitants 'never know what it is to be distressed for corn, yams, &c.' After leaving this country, we come to states where the habits of the people are less agricultural, and where vice and idleness more abound. Cape-Coast Castle is mentioned as

'the head-quarters of the British forts and settlements on the Gold Coast.' During the existence of the slave-trade, says Mr. Meredith, 'the countries from Cape Coast to Accra inclusive, formed the grand emporium of that traffic on the Gold Coast; ships resorted hither with confidence of disposing of their cargoes; and a quick circulation of money existed throughout the country. The inhabitants of every town and village along the coast were a sort of brokers; persons employed as trade-boys, by the residents, and captains of vessels, and fishermen: few indeed attended to the labours of the field. The town of Cape Coast was composed of three different classes, who acquired wealth with such celerity and ease, that one half of them were men of independence! With this acquirement, they gained such a turn for every sort of vice, that they formed the worst characters in the state; they were idle, insolent, and unruly, and, notwithstanding the necessary vigilance and care to preserve order, and prevent abuses, we frequently heard of the governor's authority being despised.'

In the country of the Fantees, which commences near Cape-Coast Castle, we are told that

'their punishments are fines and slavery, which amount to nearly the same thing; for if the guilty person cannot pay the fine, he is by law adjudged a slave. No corporeal punishments are inflicted. Causes are tried by the pynins, or elders of the

people; in whom are combined the offices of judge and jurors. They generally assemble in the public market-place for the trial of offences; both parties are attentively heard, and witnesses examined: after which, sentence is pronounced. If the person who is found guilty, suspect the justice or partiality of the proceedings, an appeal lies to the governor of the fort, or to the elders of another town or district. The pynins are chosen by the public voice; they sometimes succeed by hereditary right; in which case, if a deficiency in their legal knowledge be publicly known, their authority is suspended, and others appointed by the public. They get a share of all fines and forfeitures; and when any cause of consequence is laid before them, it is usually accompanied by a present of rum. In cases where family-connections interfere, the trial very often happens by night, for the purpose of preventing any impression which the countenance of the accused might create.

Mr. Meredith says that great crimes are prevented by the 'strictness of the laws.' Does he mean by 'strictness,' their *severity*, or the certainty of their execution; for, if he means severity, and they certainly seem sufficiently severe, their effect in the prevention of crimes is contrary to the general experience of the effect of severity in other countries. Theft is stated to be so rare amongst the Fantees that 'an article may be left in the public road without much danger of its being touched by any person in the same neighbourhood;' but their honesty is rather circumscribed in its principle, for '*whatever belongs to a white man is considered fair game.*' In the same sentence, Mr. Meredith says that 'they do not dread any severe punishment.' How are we to reconcile this to what he had said a little before, that '*in consequence of the strictness of the laws, crimes of any magnitude are seldom known?*'

'The chief object of adoration is placed in the capital of Fantee, called *Abrah*, and is designated *Woorah! Woorah! Agah Nannah!* which signifies Master! Master! Father of all!' But, 'whatever is supposed to possess the power of good or evil, or any uncommon quality,' is called *Fetish*; and this *Fetish* appears to be a general name to denote any thing appertaining to the object of worship, to its ministers, or to religious rites and ceremonies, charms, sorceries, &c.

In the fifth chapter we have a copious account of the Ashantee war, in which there is little to interest the reader; and we have too much of that barbarous work amongst the *civilized* nations of Europe, to attend to the military history of the less polished tribes of Africa.

Accra is represented as the most healthy spot on the Gold Coast, and the only country in that part which has a free trade with the interior. The English have a fort at Accra, which, like the other forts on this coast, has an insufficient garrison. The annual parliamentary grant for the support of the British settlements in this part of Africa is stated to be 'inadequate to an extension of influence in that country.' But if influence here mean territorial conquest or sovereignty, we have no desire to see parliament grant larger sums than at present for that object. If the trade into the interior of Africa can be extended, it will be more effectually prosecuted by the enterprize of individual merchants, than by the intervention of parliamentary grants or military establishments. The intercourse between the Gold Coast and the inland states, is rendered difficult by the want of navigable rivers.

The country of *Aquapim*, to the east of Accra, is described as highly fertile, capable of every kind of cultivation, and containing a variety of beautiful scenery. It is adapted to the cultivation of sugar, coffee, and other colonial produce; but whatever aptitude it may possess for this culture, we must not forget that 'it is impossible to rear sugar on account of the ants,' which are said to be '*almost every where*,' and to 'destroy the canes before they arrive to any perfection.'

The medical knowledge of the natives is said to be 'confined within the family, and is seldom imparted to more than one, who is usually a female.' Their remedies consist of certain vegetables or of charms, with which they know how to work on the imagination. Where the patient is sufficiently credulous, the African doctors and *Fetish-men* readily add to the number of prodigies and perform more than human cures. 'When a person is seized with a pain in the head, back, breast, or sides, it is often imputed to the influence of some malign power.' On these occasions, what malign power can resist the force of African quackery, when it finds an efficacious auxiliary in the predominant superstition? The leprosy is one of the most dreadful diseases with which the natives are afflicted. The *Guinea-worm*, which seems a disease peculiar to this country, is generally ascribed to the use of impure water; though this seems by no means to be accurately ascertained. For *Guinea-worms* are often found in the legs, to which it is difficult to conceive how they could be conveyed by the water taken into the stomach. Where these worms are

found in the legs or surface of the body, they are probably of external introduction.

'To the naked eye, this worm appears no bigger than a large woollen thread rather flattened, and of a whitish appearance. Before it protrudes through the skin it causes much pain, and an inflammatory humour is formed on the path through which the worm will appear. When it appears, the natives get a slip of wood, which they apply to the sore; and when the worm comes in contact with it, they twist it carefully so as to get the worm round it; after which they let it hang, and the weight of it is supposed to draw the worm out faster than it otherwise would come; and in this state they allow the worm to remain until the whole of it comes out.'

In *Dysentery* the natives first empty the bowels by drastic purgatives, and then employ astringent and stimulating clysters. They also keep the patient warm; and frequently apply embrocations composed of pepper to the stomach and loins. There appears to be more sagacity than we should have expected in this mode of treatment.

In *ophthalmia*, topical remedies only are applied. Blood is drawn from the temples and forehead, and lime-juice dropped into the eye. We must here take our leave of this work, in which there is nothing which particularly merits either censure or praise.

ART. XII.—*Inferno; a Translation from Dante Alighieri into English Blank Verse. By Joseph Hume, Esq. Cadell: 1812, 12mo.*

THIS is by far the most extraordinary composition we ever witnessed; possessing no one quality which distinguishes verse from prose, except the most strained inversion of words and phrases, and a regular division into lines of ten syllables each, frequently without the smallest pretension to rhythmical cadence. Nor is this gross and uncommon defect (which, whether it arises from ignorance, from some strange construction in the organs of sound, or from the affectation of some new and inexplicable theory, we are left wholly unable to decide, the translator not having deigned to introduce his production to the world by preface, dedication, or advertisement of any sort,) at all compensated by any literal closeness of adherence to the original, which appears in many parts to have been rendered much more strictly, as well as poetically, by the various translators who have preceded Mr. Hume. Let us take, for example, the opening of the third canto.

'To the dread city you, through me, must pass;
 Thro' me must enter to eternal woe;—
 Thro' me must intermingle with the damn'd.
 I am the massy work of love divine,
 Of wisdom, of almighty power. I move
 But when strict justice orders it. E'er was
 Creation, hung my everlasting hinge:
 And who once passes, shuts behind him hope.' *Hume.*

Mr. Cary's translation of the same passage we would by no means be understood as altogether approving; but it is much more literal, as well as more poetical, than that which we have just selected.

'Through me you pass into the city of woe:
 Through me you pass into eternal pain:
 Through me among the people *lost for aye*.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supremest wisdom, and primæval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure
 All hope abandon ye, who enter here!' *Cary.*

The original is as follows:

'Per me si va nella città dolente
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
 Justitia mosse 'l mio alto fattore.
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapientia e'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
 Se non eterne, et io eterno duro:
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi che'ntrate!'

It appears to us, that in rendering the above remarkable passage, both the translators have widely mistaken the true character of Dante's poetry. We shall examine this subject a little more at large presently; and only observe in this place, that although the quotation we have just made, is (we believe) the most favourable to Mr. Hume that we could have selected, and although Mr. Cary is much more manifestly his superior throughout almost all the rest of the poem, than in the passage in question, it is most evident to us that neither of them at all understand the poetical virtues of their original.

'O for that gift, a diction grandly rough,
 Supernal!'

* This unhappy '*lost for aye*,' almost induces us to revoke the latter part of our sentence.

says Mr. Hume, at the opening of the 32d. Canto. But, though Dante unquestionably expresses a wish, of which the above is only a very faint copy, for the immediate purpose before him, his translators are egregiously deceived if they imagine that 'this diction grandly rough, supernal,' is assumed by the poet as the general tone of his versification. Yet, a page farther, in the same canto, Mr. Hume presents us with the following lines, twenty-five in number, of which the two first and two last, with a very few intermediate exceptions, alone possess the slightest semblance of rhythm.

'Far was this gulph below the giant's feet!
Gazing around, its walls majestic struck
Me with fearful wonder, when a voice, thus:
"Mark how ye move, lest some poor kindred head
"Ye trample on!" Down I then look'd—a lake
All ice spread onward, thick as the Austrian
Danube, to its deepest bed solid; or
As Tanais: for had Mount Tabernick,
Or Pietrapana massy, struck on its
Gelid surface with their weight—vain the blow;
Not the least fracture, nor on its edge a
Crack were made;—as seen the frogs with nostrils
Only visible above some pool with
Summer heat stagnant, that croak, while dreams the
Peasant maid her gleaning toil goes on; so
Stood entomb'd in ice, the head but seen, these
Sinners. Their jaws, with noise like storks, clatter'd
From cold; their eyes shew'd grief, and the whole face
Their shame, though sedulously mov'd oblique.
Of these I two descried, adhering to
Each other, close, that their very hair had
Intertangled, "Why thus with chest to chest,
Like one?" then question'd I. This hearing, they
Their necks threw back, and shew'd the visage full.'

Nor is this a solitary passage of the sort, but a faithful specimen of, we believe we may safely say it, at least half the volume.

We have hinted at the probability of some wild and capricious theory by which the author would undertake to defend the continual recurrence of lines so unmetrically constructed, so devoid of all grace, harmony, and measure. Our reason for supposing it is the evidence which is given by a few, (and but a few) passages in the poem, that Mr. Hume does understand the laws of poetry and is capable of putting them into execution. We will select the latter part of the episode of Paul and Francesca in the fifth

Cahto, and then leave Mr. Hume to the fate that awaits him, only saying that if he had written a greater number of verses like some of the following, that fate would probably have been different from our present anticipation.

'A pensive pause ensued. 'Then I: "Thou seest Francisca, that thy sad disaster and Thy sadder state, raise pity e'en to tears. Say, in your interchange of sweetest sighs, How came disclosed to thee the doubtful wish? What urged thee to surrender all to love? No keener grief, (this your friend knows) than theirs Who, having revell'd long in virtuous joys* Recal the sadd'ning scenes that ended them! But, at your wish, hear, and attentively, While I relate, (tears following the tale,) How dalliance led to vice, and vice to woe, He (my beloved,) and I together once (Unanswer'd still,) mistrustless sat, and hung Enraptured o'er the fervid page that told Of Lancelot enamour'd, where he prints On his kind lover's captivating smile, An ardent kiss.—We stopp'd;—gaz'd fondly;—glow'd; In closer contact furtively we mov'd! With hurried pulse his lips press'd mine. The muse Licentious, dangerous, conjur'd this! The book— We closed it, and for ever.—Then too late."

We have already explained, on more than one occasion, the reasons on which we found our decided preference of rhyme over blank verse as the vehicle of poetical sentiment, and need not repeat them on the present occasion. It is enough, however, in our judgment, that rhyme was employed by Dante, and still more that it is considered as essential to the character of Italian poetry, to induce a preference of the same quality in all attempts at translating the poem of Dante into our own language. We should wish even the experiment to be tried, of adopting in such a translation the precise alternation of rhyme which Dante himself has used, and which is well known in Italian poetry by the appellation of *terza rima*, upon the same principle that Fairfax and Harrington adopted, and (the former especially) with considerable success, the *Ottava Rima* of Tasso and Ariosto, or that Milton himself copied all the peculiarities of versification of the Petrarchal sonnet. This

* This is a strange mistake. Francisca is not a sophist of Eloisa's school, and does not pretend to imagine that the joys she repels were virtuous. Dante speaks only in general terms.

‘Il ricordarsi del tempo felice.’

would be impossible for a French translator; but the genius of the English language is such as easily to bend to the model of others, and possesses (if we are not mistaken) a more peculiar affinity to the idiom and construction of the Italian.

Next, with regard to the imputation of rudeness, that 'Gift,' as Mr. Hume expresses it,

'A diction grandly rough,

Supernal.'

and which he has construed into a license to write mere prose, cutting it only into the form of verse at the expiration of every tenth syllable, we are inclined to suspect that all the translators of Dante (but Mr. Hume the foremost) have entered blindly into a conspiracy against that poet's reputation, with M. Du Sade, the injudicious, and in many respects ignorant, author of the '*Memoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque*,' who says, speaking of the language of Italian poetry at the time when Petrarch undertook to refine it, '*Ce Jargon étoit encore bien grossier, lorsque Pétrarque lui fit l'honneur de le choisir pour le langage de sa muse.*' It is not surprising to us that a French abbé should say or unsay any thing for the purpose of elevating the subject to which 'he has done the honour of choosing it' for the purpose of his eulogy; but it is (we must confess) rather surprising that so many of our cool countrymen should have read through the poem of Dante (as we suppose they must have done before they translated it) without getting rid of so unfounded and unwarrantable a prejudice. The fact is, that the language of Dante is infinitely more harmonious and excellent in all the real beauties of versification than that of the poet who undertook to refine it. His phraseology, it is true, frequently partakes of the simplicity of ideas and manners which characterized the age in which he lived; and some of his expressions are antiquated, but not *therefore* more barbarous than the Latin of Virgil when compared to the modern Tuscan of Alfieri. We must not forget that Dante lived even a whole century before our old father Chaucer; but the Italian of the thirteenth century was quite another thing than the English of the fourteenth. The prose writers who were contemporary with Dante, especially the historians of Florence from Malespini to the Villanis, are at this day as much the model of pure Tuscan, as Addison's Spectator, of pure English; and remote as is the era at which Dante wrote, and obsolete as are some of his expressions, he is to the Italian rather

what Shakspeare, or what Dryden, than what Chaucer, Occiana, or Lidgate, is to our native language.

Let us then, for justice sake, hear no more of the *jargon* according to De Sade, or of the ‘*Diction grandly rough, supernal,*’ as Mr. Hume has it, of this much injured poet; but let us rather hope that some new translator may soon arise, much better qualified than any of those now before us, to give a faithful and correct copy of Dante’s real excellencies. Let us not be misunderstood as classing all these several gentlemen under our indiscriminate head of censure. It would indeed be paying a very bad, and a very ill-merited, compliment to Mr. Cary’s translation, to put it on a level with that which it is at present our misfortune to notice, and hardly less so (in our opinion) to Mr. Boyd, not to insist on his great superiority over Mr. Cary. Mr. Boyd has a much greater command of poetical language than any of his numerous rivals, (we have now time only to remind our readers of the names of Hayley and Howard), and he has besides been judicious enough, to see the advantage, not to say the necessity, of rhyme in giving any thing like an adequate representation of his original. But his poem has many great and glaring defects which are not at all imputable to the father of Tuscan song; defects which, to notice at length, would be to review a work which has long since passed through the ordeal of criticism, but which we think we may venture to sum up under the three heads of obscurity, verbiage, and inversion.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 13.—*Sermons by the Rev. J. Grant, M. A. of St. John’s College, Oxford; formerly Minister of Latchford, Cheshire; and late Curate of the Parishes of St. Pancras and Hornsey, Middlesex.* London: Hatchard, 1812, 10s. 6d.

THESE sermons are said to have been written for mixed congregations. They are twenty in number, and on the following subjects:

‘*Motives to Duty.—On Experience.—On cultivating a serious Frame of Mind.—Christian Patriotism, a Fast Sermon.—On a defective Service of God.—The Christian Race.—On the right Government of Thought.—The Fall of the Leaf, a Sermon for the Beginning of Winter.—On Gradations in future Happiness or Misery.—On the Origin and Prevalence of Evil.—On the*

spiritual Dangers of the Metropolis.—On retiring from Business.—On the Conduct proper under fancied or real Wrongs.—On honouring and visiting the Graves of our Friends.—On Reading.—On Despair.—For an Infirmary.—On ministering Spirits.—The Succession of Generations, for a new Year.—The Chain of the Doctrines, a farewell Sermon.

On the above miscellaneous subjects of religious or moral instruction, Mr. Grant does not profess to have advanced any thing new; but he has insisted on the common topics of clerical admonition. The first duty of a preacher is to render himself intelligible to all who hear him; for, otherwise, he preaches in vain: and the principal object of his preaching should be to teach men their duty, and, as far as possible, to induce them to practise it by every consideration which can influence the volition of rational and accountable beings. Hence, what is said by way of scriptural explanation, when addressed to a congregation, the greater part of whom are unlearned peasants or artisans, should be plain, simple, and distinct: no ambiguous expressions should be used, no vague and indistinct metaphors employed, and no words, taken from the dead or foreign languages, introduced, when the English will supply others more clear and significant, of native growth. The practical exhortations should be earnest and affectionate, and prove that the preacher has not the gratification of his own vanity or selfishness, but the present and the future interest of his auditors at heart. This is to preach as becomes a minister of the christian doctrine, and particularly of the established church, the most important end of which is to increase the virtue and happiness of the nation, and to make persons of all descriptions more sedulous in performing the relative duties of life. If we have any particular objection to make to these sermons of Mr. Grant, it is an objection to which sermons in general are liable, that they do not bring what is said fully and thoroughly home to men's interests and bosoms. In moral teaching, this is impossible to be done without nice particularity and specific exemplification. Most preachers are too apt to avoid this; and by avoiding it, *almost* all that they say, is vague and indefinite; a sort of airy nothingness, which preys upon the ear, but neither enlightens the mind nor mends the heart. What possible instruction, either good in a speculative or a practical view, could Mr. Grant think to communicate to his auditors by the following passages taken from sermon XX.

'THE GREAT ORIGINAL PRINCIPLE, as I have frequently intimated, on which all the other doctrines of our venerable religion depend, is the fall of our first parents, and the consequent *corruption of our nature*. As soon as Adam, our common progenitor, fell by eating of the forbidden fruit, his nature received a *taint of evil*, which has been *communicated to the*

*whole of his posterity.' * * * 'By reason of this inherent depravity, we come into the world exposed to the divine displeasure.' * * * 'This root of corruption has, more or less, in the life of every individual who has passed the season of infancy, sprung up into a variety of wilful transgressions, in thought, word, and deed. The principle of evil,—the latent propensity itself,—is known among divines by the name of original sin;—while the deliberate offences into which it has led us, are, for the sake of distinction, termed actual sins. Now, if even our original taint of evil render us objects of displeasure to a God of immaculate purity, our actual transgressions must have, in a still greater degree, provoked his just wrath and indignation against us.*

'Thus circumstanced,—guilty in every way before heaven, and menaced with deserved punishment,—whither shall the human race flee for relief? On what stay shall they rest their hopes of salvation? No services,—no offerings which they can themselves present, are of any avail in averting their impending doom.—Shall they bring to the Almighty gifts of their possessions? All these possessions, even the cattle on a thousand hills,—are theirs only in trust;—are already his own.—Shall they go before his presence with the purer tribute of prayer, issuing from a heart, penitent for the past, and resolute as to the future?—But who has acquainted them that prayer and contrition will, of themselves, blot out guilt already contracted, or disarm the anger, and ward off the punishment, which that guilt has justly incurred? Or admitting for a moment, that past transgressions will be concealed by unerring obedience in time to come,—an efficacy, however, which there is no shadow of sanction for really ascribing to it on its own account,—can they further flatter themselves, that such unerring obedience is in their power? In these questions, I presume, there needs no reply. Consequently, if the race of Adam, thus sinful, and thus frail, look at all for acceptance in the sight of heaven, they must repose their hopes of it on some propitiation, foreign to their own exertions.'

To teach men that they have **DESERVED** the *displeasure of God* by something done, without their knowledge or consent, before they came into the world, is to confound all the wise and salutary distinctions of right and wrong. If we may use such an expression, it is totally to *demoralise* the mind. But it is not only taught that men have incurred the *wrath and indignation* of God before their birth, without any actual transgression, but that, if they are to '*look at all for acceptance in the sight of heaven*, they must repose their hopes of it on something '*foreign to their own exertions*.' Are divines, who preach this doctrine, sufficiently aware of its pernicious tendencies? Or can they not see that it totally relaxes all the obligations of personal

holiness? If the salvation of men depend on something '*foreign to their own exertions*,' what becomes of the promise that '*they shall be judged according to their works*,' and that they shall receive '*according to what they have done*' in this life, '*whether it be good or whether it be evil*'?

ART. 14.—*A Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph, at a general Ordination, held by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, on Sunday, July the 19th, 1812. By John Jones, M. A. Vicar of Llansilen, and Curate of Wrexham. Published by his Lordship's Command. Wrexham, Painter; London, J. Walker, 1812.*

MR. JONES begins his sermon with a sentence which the ignorant, (amongst whom, however, we by no means include the clergy of the diocese of St. Asaph,) would be very likely to misinterpret. 'Our blessed Lord, during his ministry on earth, *published* the gospel, and confirmed it by the infallible testimony of miracles.' Mr. Jones might certainly have used some other word not liable to the ambiguity of '*published*,' in its modern acceptation. The less learned brethren may be inclined to suppose that Christ reduced the gospel into a book and *published* it in the same manner as Mr. Jones has done his ordination sermon. Mr. Jones very properly impresses on his brother-clergymen the necessity of exemplifying the precepts which they inculcate in the lives they lead. He urges them to improve their intellectual faculties, and to be diligent in the study of the scriptures. He complains that the rite of the Lord's Supper is too much neglected; and he exhorts them to lose no opportunities of impressing their parishioners, particularly the younger part of them, with right notions on this subject. Mr. J. also very properly recommends an attention to catechetical instruction. Upon the whole, we think that this discourse of Mr. Jones is a very sensible performance, and proves that he entertains very just notions of the duties of the Christian ministry.

POLITICS.

ART. 15.—*An Appeal to the Nation, by the Union for Parliamentary Reform according to the Constitution. London: Jones, 1812. 3s. 6d.*

WE entirely agree with the gentlemen of the Union in the maxim inculcated in the first section of their appeal, NOT TO DESPAIR OF THE COMMONWEALTH. This is a sentiment of Roman patriotism, worthy to be cherished by Englishmen in the worst of times either with respect to the danger of open force from without, or of insidious corruption from within. The members of the Union assert that 'gloomy as may now be the aspect of public affairs, the state may not only be saved, but by a right course, raised to a higher pitch of prosperity than

in any former period it ever attained.' But what is this '*right course*,' by which '*the state may not only be saved*,' '*but raised to a higher pitch of prosperity*,' &c. 'To that end,' says this appeal, p. 2. 'there is but ONE course to pursue—the constitution must be RESTORED.' We do not know what is precisely meant by RESTORING the constitution. But we suppose that it means to place it again in the same state in which it was in some former period of our history. But on what period of our history are we to fix, when the constitution was in its full maturity and perfection? What period shall we select as the Halcyon era, when the constitution was in its highest vigour, and without spot or blemish either in theory or in practice? If we go back to a very remote period of our annals, we shall find a large part of the people in a state of vassalage, and bought, or sold, or transferred with the land, like the *serfs* in Poland or the *boors* in Russia. This is certainly not a state of things to which it would be desirable to RESTORE the constitution! Instead of talking of *restoring*, would it not be better to point out those practical defects which might safely be removed, and those points in which it is susceptible of improvement without any injury to the main fabric of the constitution? Or is it supposed by some of our reformers that our constitution was in *the olden time* at a pitch of such absolute perfection, to which, if it could be brought back, it would be free from defects, and consequently not susceptible of improvement? Many persons think that there are several particulars in our laws and establishments, both civil and religious, which might be altered, with much advantage to the community. All human institutions should be made to keep pace with the increased civilization of the times, or with the greater diffusion of property as well as of knowledge amongst the people. For institutions, which might have been admirably adapted to an age, when knowledge as well as property was confined to a few favoured individuals, may become very irrelative to a state of society under a different form, when small proprietors abound, and mental culture is universally diffused. Since the present representation of the Commons was fixed, the number of small proprietors has been greatly increased, and a commercial and monied interest has arisen, which was hardly known in this country three centuries ago. The present House of Commons, therefore, has become, in process of time, a very inadequate representation of the *property* of the country; and we should hail with great joy the adoption of any measure which should extend the elective franchise, so as greatly to widen the basis of the representation.

The authors of this '*Appeal*' seem to think the liberties of Englishmen of Saxon original, and that a militia on the Saxon plan, is the best safeguard for our national freedom and independence. But the writers of the Appeal who make such a vaunt of this Saxon militia, should recollect that, even whilst

the Nation was shielded with that *impenetrable ægis*, it was perpetually harassed by the incursions of the Danes. What then became of the *county power*? Was it not too weak to prevent the kingdom from being conquered by these marauders? Where was the *county power* when the Normans subjected all England to their sway, and deprived nine-tenths of the proprietors of their estates? After the Norman conquest the incursions of the Danes were repressed. By what? Not by the county power; not by a militia of Saxon growth; but by a band of feudatory proprietors, who held their lands upon the condition of military service.

The authors of the Appeal talk of an essential distinction between the *law* and the *constitution*; but owing probably to the dulness of our gross minds, we cannot perceive the difference. For what is the constitution itself, but the aggregate of the laws by which the kingdom is governed? Every law, when it has been enacted by the proper authorities, is a part, however minute, of the constitution. For as the constitution is the whole of the laws, every law must be a part of the constitution. This is not subtle theory, but plain common sense.

If the constitution be considered abstractedly as the combination of authorities, that is, the triple union of king, lords, and commons, from which the laws emanate, still, in a practical sense, the legislative acts of these authorities, as long as they exist, must be considered as part of the constitution, as well as the authorities themselves. For, while a law is in force, it is binding on the authorities themselves by whom it is made; and, in this sense, the law is not only a part of the constitution, but that part which is *ipso facto*, as long as it lasts, superior to all the rest.

We entirely agree with the members of the Union in the necessity of *some* reform in the present inadequate representation of the people. All government is instituted for the protection of property; for if there were no property, where would be the necessity for any government? Where the inducement to undertake its different functions? Where the means of its support? We do not say that there is no disinterestedness in a nation: but this disinterestedness is not the characteristic of politicians. But as governments are instituted for the protection of property, and as they are very liberally paid for that purpose by large deductions from the property which they protect, it strongly behoves people to take care that the cost do not exceed the benefit. For, even gold may be purchased too dear; and what shepherd can be under much obligation to his dog, who instead of preserving, should devour his flock?

ART. 16.—*A Supplement to the Rights of the Army vindicated; in an Appeal to the Public, on the Case of Captain Foskett: containing an Introductory Address to the Public; Copies of a Memorial to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and also of two Petitions presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, with a Reply thereto, by the Right Hon. Viscount Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Henry Foskett, Esq. London: Richardson, 1812, 1s.*

WE gave a detailed statement of Captain Foskett's case in our number for February 1811, to which we must refer our readers. The contents of Captain Foskett's present pamphlet are sufficiently indicated in the title-page. Suffice it to say, that the two petitions of this officer to the Prince Regent have not procured the relief which he implored.

ART. 17.—*Lettre sur la noblesse ou Emile Désabusé, sur la Nature, le Rang, la Dignité, la Nécessité de la Noblesse de chaque Pays; l'Origine de ses Terres, de ses Titres, de ses Domaines, et de ses Possessions. Aveuglement déplorable sur cet Ordre. Acharnement des factieux pour le détruire. Systeme désolant qui bouleverse le Monde. Source féconde de Calamités pour les Peuples, &c. &c. A Londres: se trouve chez B. Dulau et Co. Soho-square, 1812.*

THE author contends that Nobility is not a conventional thing; that it is not dependent on virtue, courage, property, office, &c. but is a sort of physical product, an actual transmission from father to son in the natural course of things. The author says that 'la noblesse réelle est inhérente à la naissance et qu'elle se communique avec le sang dans les familles nobles.' In another place we find the following:—'Il y a essentiellement une véritable distinction attachée à l'ancienneté de la naissance.' The writer did not perhaps consider that all persons may trace their genealogy to Adam in the Bible, though they cannot do it in the herald's books. What then becomes of *antiquity of birth*, as the real origin of nobility? Why will not the author be content to let nobility remain where it may stand firm on the basis of political convention, originating in an enlarged view of public good?

ART. 18.—*Catholic Question. Substance of the Speech of Sir J. C. Hippisley, Bart. on the Motion of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan in the House of Commons on the 24th April, 1812; for a Committee of the whole House on the State of the penal Laws now in Force against the Roman Catholics of Ireland. With supplementary Notes, Extracts, &c. The second Edition, with Corrections and Additions. London: Ridgway, 1812.*

THIS speech of Sir J. C. Hippisley, like that which he published in 1810, is accompanied by some valuable notes. These notes contain a good deal of miscellaneous information, some of which is not of very easy access, relative to the present and past state of the catholic church, the opinions of the catholics,

and those topics which are closely connected with the policy of catholic emancipation. Dr. Duigenan who had spoken previously to Sir J. C. Hippisley, recurred to the pontifical oath taken by catholic bishops at their consecration, and had, with his usual vehemence, dwelt on the words '*hæreticos persequar et impugnabo*,' 'as the pledge of ceaseless persecution.' But the above-mentioned Dr. Duigenan, in commenting on the spirit and tendency of this oath, forgot to state that '*the objectionable words in the oath have been, for some years, omitted by the express authority of the see of Rome itself.*' The document, by which this commission was sanctioned, and which was transmitted to the catholic hierarchy of Ireland, contained, at the same time, the following memorable declaration:

'The See of Rome never taught that faith is not to be kept with the heterodox: that an oath to kings separated from catholic communion can be violated, or that it is lawful for the Bishop of Rome to invade their temporal rights and dominions. We too consider an attempt against the life of kings and princes even *under the pretext of religion, as an horrid and detestable crime.*'

The new oath which was substituted for the old, ends with the following words, which certainly contain, as far as any form of words can, a full and sufficient pledge for the allegiance of the Catholic bishops to the British sovereign:

'*I will observe all these things the more inviolably, as I am firmly convinced that there is nothing contained in them which can be contrary to the fidelity I owe to the most serene king of Great Britain and Ireland, and to his successors on the throne.*'

'Such,' says the liberal and enlightened Sir J. C. Hippisley, 'is the oath, as modified by order of the pope himself in 1791; which the learned doctor (Duigenan) in candour ought to have stated to the house.' We do not see as far as oaths constitute the test of loyalty, what further securities government can wish to have for the allegiance of the Irish catholics than they at present possess. We may, if we please, multiply oaths; but the Catholic bishops at present, take as many as are sufficient to attest the allegiance of honest men; and history will convince all persons who can read, and profit by reading her instructive volumes, that the sum of individual probity is not increased by the multiplication of oaths. A *sense of duty* will keep men true and honest without the intervention of oaths; but oaths will be found but a frail security either for truth or honesty, where a sense of duty has no hold upon the mind. It is said that Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries, but unprincipled men laugh at their own, where the perjury is connected with certain gain in the beginning, and with probable impunity in the end. Let the government be *generous*, and the catholics will be *grateful*. Let the government be *just* and the Catholics will be *true*. Let the government do its duty in removing from the

necks of the Catholics the yoke of unmerited oppression, and the Catholics will prove that they are not wanting in any of the best qualities of the best subjects of the present government. *Let us trust the Catholics that they may trust us*; that the confidence may be mutual and the good will without any latent suspicion or any lurking animosity. This is not only to be benevolent, but to be wise; and we will venture to say that in respect to the Catholic claims the most profound policy will be found in unison with the most comprehensive charity.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*The Pleasures of Human Life, a Poem. By Anna Jane Vardill.* London, Longman, 1812.

THIS poem is dedicated to 'her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whose gracious patronage fostered the *first fruits* of a very early age.' We know not the present age of our poetess, nor how early her Royal Highness fostered the *first fruits* of her genius; but we beg to observe that there are lines in the poem before us which evince genius, which if it be not cankered and spoiled in the hot-bed of flattery, seems to promise better things to come than 'The Pleasures of Human Life.' We have had, for a long time, superficial poets (*both old and young*), superficial essayists, superficial botanists, and superficial *every things*. But we trust this *skim-milk* knowledge will soon be put to shame; and that sober sense and reason will gradually peep from under the veil which has so long shrouded their substantial merits, and replace *good education*, in the room of the *accomplishments*, which are now so prevalent. Yes; we prophecy that this rage for *superficial* accomplishments, will in time make room for something better.

Miss Vardill's ideas of the pleasures of childhood will be best expressed in her own lines.

'On yon low mound, beneath a silver'd thorn,
Where the first cowslip drinks the dew of morn,
How rich, how pure, the notes of pleasure rise,
When infant hunters snatch the golden prize!
A lurking bud, an absent wood-lark's nest,
Crowns young Ambition in the little breast:
Panting and proud, the frolic victors seize
The thistle's grey down floating in the breeze;
Type of themselves, the airy truant strays,
Shuns its soft bond, and in the sun-beam plays.'

'Not less when winter wraps the infant year,
Throng the light joys to laughing childhood dear;
The jocund tale, the close-drawn circle round
The board with autumn's mellow'd treasures crown'd

The seat suspended on the smooth rock's side,
 While flying snow-balls print the glassy tide;
 Or with fond bark, the boasted greyhound springs,
 And back the far-thrown prize triumphant brings;
 Till the rich dairy's fragrant stores to share,
 Home their glad spoils the rosy rivals bear.
 Home, Pleasure's palace! when the smiling race
 Strive for a mother's or a sire's embrace,
 Till in her soft eye and his toil-brown'd cheek,
 The tear and flush of tender triumph speak!
 Delicious hour! while round the social blaze,
 Assembled cherubs swell the note of praise:
 Or with full hands, the ready mite bestow,
 When the aged minstrel tells his tale of woe;
 And, while the prattling throng around him stands,
 Thinks of his buried babes in distant lands;
 Dear home! these hours of golden joy are thine,
 If cherished childhood bends at duty's shrine.'

These images, though they have so often made their appearance by various poets even in better verse than Miss Vardill's, must always be pleasing and interesting; for what moves the heart and all its best affections so delightfully as the description of a comfortable, cheerful *home*?

The following lines, descriptive of a maniac, are, we think, some of Miss Vardill's best.

'When summer sunbeams gild the teeming earth,
 Or village bells proclaim the feast of mirth,
 Forth steals the maniac from his shrouded den,
 To herd with serpents in their tangled fen;
 Or where cold nightshade wraps the ruin'd hall,
 Or hoary grot where murmur'ing waters fall:
 There lone he sits; and on forgotten sand,
 Shapes sad and antic scrawls with palsied hand,
 Then sourly smiles, and groaning as he goes,
 Seeks on the green pool's brink forlorn repose:
 But seeks in vain—before his vacant gaze
 Stands the dim spectre of departed days.
 O'er blasted heath and mountain-rock he strides,
 Still in his path the frowning spectre glides;
 Couch'd on his lonely heath he sees it glare,
 He feels its vengeance load the ambient air.
 Still his own breast the demon's den conceals,
 Himself the foe whose scorpion-scourge he feels!'

Various are the subjects which the second canto contains; amongst which are some examples in Poverty, Persecution, Sickness, and Death; with the consolations found at the grave of virtue. The following is the description of a soldier's death:

' O'er distant fields his best-lov'd son is gone,
 Where Albion's glory leads her warriors on:
 For wealth and fame to bless his hoary age,
 The blooming soldier brav'd the battle's rage.
 Now his last life-blood warms a thankless shore,
 'Midst storms of fire, and floods of foaming gore!
 On him no mother's melting eye shall gaze,
 No father's proud heart banquet in his praise;
 In sorrow's lap his orphan babe shall bloom,
 While the cold Douro laves his nameless tomb.'

ART. 20.—*The Country Pastor, or Rural Philanthropist, a Poem.* By W. Holloway. London, Gale, 1812. price 5s.

MR. HOLLOWAY imagined that he had chosen quite a new subject when he began the present little poem; but he was soon convinced that the path he had selected, had been pretty well ambled by many a pegasus before he mounted his own. Though in this poetical excursion the author has not presented us with anything new, he is sufficiently sensible and interesting.

'This poem,' says Mr. Holloway, 'is rather narrative and descriptive, than didactic; it substitutes example for precept; and is a free outline, rather than a finished picture.' Mr. Holloway has therefore endeavoured to delineate the character of a country pastor, according to his notion of what it ought to be; and certainly his Theophilus is an amiable and pleasing portrait uniting all the social and relative duties of husband, father, teacher, and friend. We hope and trust that we have many worthy personages amongst our clergy; who may, with honest pride, call themselves the Theophilusses of their village. Mr. Holloway seems fearful that he may be accused of plagiarism; but we see nothing in the poem that can merit an accusation of that kind; and the present performance does him much credit as a man of sensibility and virtue.

ART. 21.—*Poetic Tales and Miscellanies.* London, Longman, 1812.

THE contents of this volume are in the usual sing-song way. They are very pretty for a lady to amuse herself by writing; and it is very kind of her to indulge her friends by affording them such an opportunity of staring and wondering at her genius. With respect to ourselves, we have to peruse so many of these *nothings* in verse, that we can only say that these tales are not worse than a thousand others of the like kind.

ART. 22.—*The Shade of Drury, a Vision, inscribed to one of the Patentees of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.* London, Chapple, 1811, price 3s.

AS we have had occasion to notice a poem called the Resurrection of Drury, and as old Drury has risen, phoenix-like, from

its ashes, the present Shade of Drury presents itself rather malapropos. It comes before us a day after the fair.

NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Crim Con, a Novel founded on Facts. By H. M. Moriarty, Authoress of Brighton in an Uproar, &c. &c. &c. 2 Vols. London, Seaton, 1812, price 10s. 6d.*

MRS. MORIARTY in her preface states that 'her humble talents have been called into action by the urgent claims of four fatherless children.' Though this claim knocks at every man's heart, and though we see the meritorious exertion of Mrs. Moriarty in its proper light, she must not think us ill-natured, if we express our entire disapprobation of the *title*, which she has thought proper to affix to a work which she professes to be perfectly moral. To persons of loose conduct and principles the *title* will be *taking enough*; but in more sober-minded persons it will excite something like repugnance and disgust. Mrs. Moriarty is no doubt the best judge, which description of readers will answer her purpose the best; but those who may be induced to buy the work *from the title*, will be not a little disappointed, if the food is not high seasoned enough for their vitiated palates.

That misery and disgrace must ensue from a woman's violating her marriage vows, is so palpable, that we did not want a novel, *founded on facts*, to convince us of the truth. Nor do we quite approve the character of the heroine of the above novel, for suffering her marriage articles to be executed before she found out that there might be *some* danger in a Catholic marrying a Protestant. It evidently appears that the lady had most dishonourably changed her mind in favour of another *Bedu Garçon*. The reason given is, that Catholics look upon marriage, as a religious sacrament, and that the Protestant regards it as only a civil contract. But is it not at least very probable that the person, whose sense of duty is not strong enough to prevent him from breaking a civil contract, will not long hesitate about cutting the mysterious knot of a religious tie? Vows, contracts, and engagements have been broken by persons of all religions; and all we can say is, that if a man or woman will not conscientiously abide by their word, there is no civil contract nor religious ceremony which will make them *do their duty*. The distinction, which Mrs. Moriarty makes, has rather an invidious appearance. We give the lady every possible credit for her good intentions, but the conclusion, which she draws, is by no means favourable to the Protestant. The characters may be taken from life; but the story of Lady V. and her vicious mother, the Duchess of B—— is so revolting, that we trust these are not some of the *facts* which are promised in the *title*.

page. The stage effect of the novel, if we may use the expression, though stale and hackneyed, may perhaps suit some hundreds of novel readers. We have, however, to request, that in her next publication, Mrs. Moriarty will expunge from her portfolio all that kind of scandal which is to be picked up in the housekeeper's room, or the butler's pantry; and will learn to tell her story in a simple way, without any of those aids, to which she wishes to attach dignity, by calling them incidents *founded on facts*. Mrs. Moriarty may then claim some respectable attention as a novel writer.

ART. 24.—*Arrivals from India, or Time's a great Master, a Novel, 4 Vols. By Henrietta Rouvierre Mosse, Author of Lussington Abbey; Heirs of Villeroy; Peep at our Ancestors; Old Irish Baronet, &c. &c. London, Newman, 1812, price 1l. 2s.*

THE author of *Arrivals from India* seems from the title-page to have seen some service in the exercise of the quill. The present performance is well calculated to catch the attention of novel-readers; and the circulating libraries will make their money by ordering a few copies. There is nothing new nor particularly lively in the performance. It is like many others of the same kind, with this exception that the fair author keeps in mind the good old moral of virtue rewarded, and vice punished. Here is nothing to condemn, and certainly nothing very much to commend. The chief characters are every day ones, and the remarks rather common-place and trite. The story of Mrs. Woodley, however, is not ill-connected, the development of Sir James Stretton's character and villany is well managed, and the *finale* just as it should be. Georgiana is an elegant little witch; and Sydenham, a very worthy fine fellow, highly deserving the good fortune which the author has been pleased to bestow upon him by giving him so lovely a wife as Georgiana. The best drawn scene is the discovery, which is made of Mrs. Woodley being the wife of Lord Belmont, and the sister of Lord Riverston. The author of the present novel has been guilty (we presume through haste) of many inaccuracies of language, and various awkward expressions. Mrs. Freeman concluded she 'had *no call* to reveal to Miss Sydenham.' This is one instance among many; but this one is enough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*Bible Geography; or a brief alphabetical Account of all the principal Places mentioned in the Old and New Testament. Adapted for young People and religious Schools. By a Lady. London, Williams, 12mo.*

THE fair author of this work has compiled it in order to supply what she thought a deficiency, as she had not met with

any account of the places recorded in the Bible in so small a compass as that which she now offers to the public.

ART. 26.—*Eastern Tales, or moral Allegories, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of Oriental Nations; and designed for the Instruction and Amusement of Youth.* London, Chapple, price 5s.

THESE tales are six in number, Ching-Tien, or the Child of Chance; Nazeel Nadir, or the Reward of Benevolence; Zorayda, or the Effects of Jealousy; Thaddir Krim, or the Black Magician; Narseddin Ben-Alac, or the Ring of Wisdom; and Benhorad, or the Miser. These are all after the manner of Eastern stories; Sultans falling in love with beautiful slaves; favourites in disgrace, and supplanted by new beauties; eunuchs exercising the bow-string, the scimeter, and the bowl. But the end of each story is to display and reward virtue, and of course to detect and punish vice.

ART. 27.—*Letters of Sympathy, supposed to have been written by eminent Persons: a new Essay on Literature.* London, Allen, 1812, 1s. 6d.

IN this new essay on literature, the novelty is that the author has taken upon him to write letters in the names of the following deceased personages: *videlicet*, of 'Stella to Dr. Swift;' 'Dr. Smollett to his wife;' 'Count Patkull to his sweetheart and betrothed wife, Essiendelle;' Sir Walter Raleigh's wife to her husband previous to his execution;' 'Robert Burns to his wife Jean Armour;' 'Dr. Parnell to Mr. Pope, on the loss of his wife, that brought him to his end;' 'Otway, the dramatic poet, to Lord Plymouth;' 'Richard Savage to his mother, the Countess of Macclesfield;' 'the Earl of Strafford to Archbishop Laud;' 'Lord Guildford Dudley to his wife Lady Jane Gray;' with her answer; and of 'Mary, Queen of Scotland, to the Earl of Bothwell, shortly after the murder of her husband.'

The following letter from Burns 'to his wife Jean Armour,' may suffice as a specimen; and we do not think that another will be wanting to convince our readers of the abilities of this author to write letters under such celebrated names.

'My dear and handsome JEAN,

'Since you went into Airshire I have had the best luck I ever had in my life. My good friends in Edinburgh have got a farm for us in Dumfries-shire. Those friends that in Edinburgh invited me so often, feasted me so well, and made me drink so much, that on leaving it I did not know well in what part of my head my brains were placed. But my Jean, notwithstanding all this, I believe if a learned doctor, or studious gentleman had written as I did, I believe, I say, he might have very quietly walked up and down the High-street, and have gone down the Nether-bow, without the smallest notice having been

taken of him; and that there would have been as many criticisms on his poems, as I have received invitations; and what can be the reason of all this? why they thought it a most extraordinary thing that the same hand that directed the still of a plough, and pitched dung into a cart, should be able to write a poem even in the Scotch dialect. They gazed at me as if I had been a baboon from New Holland.

'It is all well my buxom, they had their stare, and I have a farm: My loving Jean, we did indeed put the plough before the oxen, before marriage, but on this farm I expect we will put oxen, horses and all, before the plough, and that it will be drawn in rural happiness and contentment.

Ah! what was my grief when I was refused to marry you; I thought that every pond and river I saw, invited me to throw myself into them, but what was the lightness of my heart when I was told I could marry you, and that I knew I could maintain you; that I was to sleep in the same bed with you, and that you were to be there as my wife.

By the end of the week the farm will be stocked, and every thing ready; I will then set off to take you from Airshire to it; till then I shall think the time as long, as the last hour of a turnip yoking.

'My pretty Jean, good bye for a few days.

ROBERT BURNS.'

ART. 28.—*Effusions of Fancy; consisting of the Birth of Friendship, the Birth of Affection, and the Birth of Sensibility. By Miss Macauley.* London, Longman, 1812.

IT would be the extreme of cruelty to pass censure on a lady-author who informs us that she has attempted various expedients to exclude that gaunt monster penury and his merciless attendants from her habitation. Miss Macauley is a daughter of Thespis; and has, for a time, retired from the stage on account of delicate health. But as it was necessary to do something by way of supporting herself, she has enlisted in the veteran corps of authors, or authoresses; and in order to shew the world she is not incompetent from want of reading, she gives us early notice that she is familiar with the works of Hume, Browne, and Dr. Adam Smith. She favours us with the following piece of information relative to the introduction into public notice of the latter gentleman's work on the *Wealth of Nations*.

'Dr. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, in spite of all its merits, answered no better purpose than to grace the bookseller's shelves, until Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, made use of a quotation from it, with these words: "as my friend Dr. Adam Smith says."

Now, if Miss Macauley can but persuade the Earl of Moira,

to whose Countess the present work is dedicated, to mention her name in a similar manner in the next speech he makes in the House of Lords, who knows but Miss Macauley may be inquired after, and her *Three Births* have as rapid a sale as Dr. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*? That this production of Miss Macauley's may answer the purpose of relieving her from the irksome distresses of which she complains, is our sincere wish; but the multiplicity of these puerile publications almost precludes the hopes of profit, unless the author has numerous friends who will step forward and relieve Messrs. Longman and Co. of a considerable number of Copies. We know not what other attempts Miss Macauley may have made in what she calls her literary pursuits, except a dramatic piece which she had not interest sufficient to get brought on the stage. But we must own that we think almost any other *employment* would have been more lucrative, and more successful, than the one which she has chosen, although she has displayed some ingenuity, and much knowledge of the heathen mythology; for there is scarcely a god or a goddess with whom she does not appear so intimately acquainted, that she might prove a great acquisition to the *Panthéon* theatre. The following is the manner in which Miss Macauley concludes her preface, and this extract will serve as a specimen of her composition.

'It may be, this attempt, like many others, will fail; and the sound of praise, from the lips of friends, be the utmost reward of my labours. And should it be written in the book of fate, "Child of sorrow! thine efforts are in vain, and thou must perish even in thy prime of youth! yet, like a lion in the toils, will I struggle to the last. I shall leave behind a few mementos to *perpetuate* my name; which when linked with the peculiarity of my destiny, may appeal to hearts of sensibility; and the *dear-drops of sympathy* may fall, when I am no longer capable of being cheered by its blissful influence.'

ART. 29.—*An useful Compendium of many important and curious Branches of Science and general Knowledge, digested principally in plain and instructive Tables; to which are added, some rational Recreations in Numbers, with easy and expeditious Methods of constructing magic Squares, and Specimens of some in the higher Class. By the Rev. Thomas Watson. London, Longman, 1812, 8vo. pp. 129.*

WE have here numerous particulars of general information, of which, when we cease to remember them, this work will facilitate the recollection. Mr. Watson has shewn his good sense in the selection of articles which this truly 'Useful Compendium' contains.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in September, 1812.*

A TREATISE on the Culture of Wheat, by a practical Farmer, 7s. 6d.

A modern, correct, and close Translation of the New Testament. By the Author of the Christian Code, &c. 4to. £1 1s.

Ayrton John.—Pharmacologia, or the History of medical Substances, 12mo. 8s.

Brydges Sir Egerton, K. J.—Collins's Peerage of England, 9 Vols. 8vo. 9l. 9s.

Brethou, J. J. P. Le.—A Guide to the French Language, enlarged and improved, 8vo. 12s.

Blomfield, C. J. A. M.—Æschyli septem contra Thebas, 7s.

Cunningham, J. W. A. M.—A Reply to the Thoughts of Dr. Maltby on circulating the Scriptures, 2s. 6d.

Colton Rev. C. M. A.—Napoleon, a Poem, 2s.

Este, M. L. Esq.—Remarks on Baths, &c. 3s. 6d.

Ensor George, Esq.—Defects of the English Laws and Tribunals, 8vo. 12s.

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The East India Register and Directory for 1812, 8s.

Thoughts on the present State of the Country, &c. 5s.

The Choice of Ministers, &c. by an impartial Observer, 3s.

The Prices of the Roxburgh Library, 3s.

The Mad Minstrel, or the Irish Exile, 8vo. 9s.

Vindex.—Letters to Rev. George Doyley, in Answer to his Attack on Œdipus Judaicus, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Vaughan Thomas, B. D.—A Sermon upon the Education of poor Children, 2s.

Williams T. Esq.—Every Man his own Lawyer, 8vo. 14s.